

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CURIOUS WAIFS IN POETRY.

We are indebted to an advance slip from the April *Aldine* for the following poetic trifles. The one originally had a place in "The Yorkshire Literary Annual," for 1832; the other was published a few years before its author's death. It is believed that they have never before been printed in this country or reprinted in England since their original appearance. They are pretty in themselves, and of value as is everything from their writers.

## SONNET.

There are three things that fill my heart with sighs,  
And steep my soul in laughter (when I view  
Fair maiden forms moving like melodies)—  
Dimples, roselips, and eyes of any hue.  
There are three things beneath the blessed skies  
For which I live—black eyes, and brown, and blue:

I hold them all most dear; but oh! black eyes,  
I live and die, and only die for you.  
Of late such eyes looked at me—while I mused,  
At sunset, underneath a shadowy plane,  
In old Bayona nigh the southern sea—  
From a half-open lattice looked at me.  
I saw no more, only those eyes—confused  
And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain.

Alfred Tennyson.

## WATER BALLAD.

"Come hither, gently rowing,  
Come, bear me quickly o'er  
This stream so brightly flowing,  
To yonder woodland shore.  
But vain were my endeavor  
To pay thee, courteous guide;  
Row on, row on, for ever  
I'd have thee by my side.

"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,  
I seek my fatherland!"  
"Say, when I there have placed thee,  
Dare I demand thy hand?"  
"A maiden's head can never  
So hard a point decide;  
Row on, row on, for ever  
I'd have thee by my side."

The happy bridal over,  
The wanderer ceased to roam,  
For, seated by her lover,  
The boat became her home;  
And still they sang together,  
As steering o'er the tide,  
"Row on through wind and weather,  
For ever by my side."

S. T. Coleridge.

From The Evening Post.  
CARCASSONNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.

How old I am! I'm eighty years!  
I've worked both hard and long,  
Yet patient as my life has been,  
One dearest sight I have not seen—  
It almost seems a wrong;  
A dream I had when life was new.  
Alas, our dreams! they come not true:  
I thought to see fair Carcassonne  
That lovely city—Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height  
Beyond the mountains blue,  
Fain would I walk five weary leagues—  
I do not mind the road's fatigues—  
Through morn and evening's dew.  
But bitter frosts would fall at night,  
And on the grapes—that yellow blight!  
I could not go to Carcassonne,  
I never went to Carcassonne.

They say it is as gay all times  
As holidays at home!  
The gentles ride in gay attire,  
And in the sun each gilded spire  
Shoots up like those of Rome!  
The Bishop the procession leads,  
The generals curb their prancing steeds.  
Alas! I know not Carcassonne,  
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our Vicar's right! he preaches loud,  
And bids us to beware;  
He says, "O! guard the weakest part,  
And most the traitor in the heart  
Against Ambition's snare!"  
Perhaps in autumn I can find  
Two sunny days with gentle wind,  
I then could go to Carcassonne,  
I still could go to Carcassonne!

My God and Father! pardon me  
If this, my wish, offends!  
One sees some hope, more high than he,  
In age, as in his infancy,  
To which his heart ascends!  
My wife, my son have seen Narbonne,  
My grandson went to Perpignan;  
But I have not seen Carcassonne,  
But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,  
Half-dreaming in his chair;  
I said, "My friend, come go with me,  
To-morrow, then, thine eyes shall see  
Those streets that seem so fair."  
That night there came for passing soul  
The churchbell's low and solemn toll.  
He never saw gay Carcassonne.  
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

M. E. W. S.

From The Westminster Review.  
THE FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.\*

It is perhaps the peculiar boast of England—and in a secondary degree the boast of the United States—that works of great research, labour, and learning have been produced in either country by men belonging to the leisured class, who wrote not for gain, but for pure love of the subjects which employed their pens. To a list which includes the distinguished names of Stanhope, Grote, Motley, and Prescott, may be now added that of Mr. W. D. Christie, who has devoted the *horas subsecivas* of official life and the leisure of retirement to an illustration of the lives of two Carolinian celebrities, John Dryden and Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury.

It is true enough that in any society of average Englishmen very few will be found who know much about Dryden or care anything for Shaftesbury. Yet the times in which these men flourished were amongst the most strange and stirring in the history of England; the parts played by both conspicuous and pronounced; the mark which one made on the history of his day only less than the impression which the other made on its literature, as the work of the statesman must always be less enduring than that of the poet. Both of these men have left a lasting mark on England. The one gave us the Habeas Corpus Act; the other in "Absalom and Achitophel" and the "Hind and Panther," bequeathed to English rhyme a finish, point, and terseness, at once a vigour and a smoothness, which made French models thenceforth superfluous, and inspired the future rivalry of Pope.

And the age in which they both lived is amongst the most interesting and perplexing in the annals of our country. To one who looks back on it from the age of Queen Victoria, it seems much as the tortuous defiles of the Alps seem in the recollection of the traveller who has effected a safe descent on the rich and sunny plains of Lombardy. Unreasonable com-

binations and unreasonable hostilities; violent hatreds and unaccountable reconciliations; profound suspicions and open-hearted credulity; the grossest corruption and the most sublime self-devotion—all these jostle one another like the many-coloured images of a kaleidoscope. The contrast of the age of Charles II. with the age which preceded it, of the men of his reign with the men of the Protectorate, of his foreign policy with that of Cromwell, gives to the history of his time and his ministers the interest of an historical puzzle; and perhaps no one statesman of the period exemplifies its peculiarities more vividly than the one whom Mr. Christie has undertaken not only to justify but to praise.

Anthony Ashley Cooper was born in 1621, the nineteenth year of the reign of James I. His father was Sir John Cooper, of Rockborne, in Hampshire. His mother was the only daughter of Sir Anthony Ashley, of Wimborne St. Giles, in Dorsetshire. As he said of himself, "My parents on both sides of a noble stock, being of the first rank of gentry in those counties where they lived." Young Cooper was christened Anthony Ashley by the express desire of his maternal grandfather, who had stipulated that the lad should bear the name of Ashley along with that of his father. When he was seven years old he lost his mother. Three years after that he lost his father, who had married a second wife, Lady Morrison, daughter of Sir Baptist Hicks. Lord Campbell speaks of Anthony Ashley as being, while a boy, a baronet with 8000*l.* a year. He was indeed left rich; but he was rich after considerable losses. He inherited estates held of the Crown by tenure of knight-service, and therefore under the control of the Court of Wards. His grandfather's brother, Sir Francis Ashley, who, as King's Serjeant, had considerable influence with that Court, showed himself less than kind to his young kinsman, for he obtained a decree by means of which some of the estates were sold to himself and others much below their value. Nor was this the only wrong attempted by this unjust grand-uncle. He endeavoured to bring other property of his nephew within

\* *A Life of Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury, 1621-1683.* By W. D. CHRISTIE, M.A., formerly Her Majesty's Minister to the Argentine Confederation and to Brazil. 2 Vols. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. 1871.

the jurisdiction of the Court of Wards, over which it had no legal control. The design was thwarted by the courage and address of the intended victim. Young Cooper went to Noy, the Attorney-General, who had drawn the deed of his mother's settlement, and succeeded in persuading that powerful lawyer to be his advocate in the Court of Wards. The issue of this application is thus narrated in Shaftesbury's own words, —

"My Lord Cottington was then Master of the Wards, who, sitting with his hat over his eyes, and having heard Sir Francis make a long and elegant speech for the overthrowing of my deed, said openly, 'Sir Francis, you have spoke like a good uncle.' Mr. Attorney Noy argued for me, and my uncle rising up to reply (I being then present in Court), before he could speak two words, he was taken with a sudden convulsion fit, his mouth drawn to his ear, was carried out of the Court, and never spoke more." \*

After all, as Mr. Christie estimates, Ashley lost about 1600*l.* a year, and still remained rich. He had, as he himself relates, "hawks and hounds" of his own. After spending his boyhood in the families of relatives and trustees, and under the care of three successive tutors, he was sent to Oxford at the age of sixteen, where he entered at Exeter College. It was his boast that he had "learned the world faster than his book," and his own account of his college days justifies the boast. The following extract from his autobiographical fragment testifies equally to the ease of his circumstances and his self-complacency: —

"I kept both horses and servants in Oxford, and was allowed what expense or recreation I desired, which liberty I never much abused; but it gave me the opportunity of obliging by entertainments the better sort, and supporting

divers of the activest of the lower rank with giving them leave to eat, when in distress, upon my expense, it being no small honour among those sort of men that my name in the buttery-book willingly bore twice the expense of any in the University. This expense, my quality, proficiency in learning, and natural affability, easily not only obtained the good-will of the wiser and elder sort, but made me the leader even of all the rough young men of that college, famous for the courage and strength of tall raw-boned Cornish and Devonshire gentlemen, which in great number yearly come to that college, and did then maintain in the schools coursing against Christ-Church, the largest and most numerous college in the University." \*

What schoolboys they were in those days the more thoughtful and serious students of modern Oxford may gather from the following extract. It was at that time

"a foolish custom of great antiquity, that one of the seniors in the evening called the freshmen (which are such as came since that time twelvemonth) to the fire, and made them hold out their chin, and then with the nail of their right thumb, left long for that purpose, grate off all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then cause them to drink a beer-glass of water and salt. The time approaching when I should be thus used, I considered that it had happened in that year, more and lustier young gentlemen had come to the college than had done in several years before, so that the freshmen was a very strong body. Upon this I consulted my two cousin-germans, the Tookers, my aunt's sons, both freshmen, both stout and very strong, and several others, and at last the whole party were cheerfully engaged to stand stoutly to defence of their chins. We all appeared at the fires in the hall, and my Lord of Pembroke's son calling me first, as we knew by custom it would begin with me, I, according to agreement, gave the signal, striking him a box on the ear, and immediately the freshmen fell on, and we easily cleared the buttery and the hall; but bachelors and young masters coming in to assist the seniors, we were compelled to retreat to a ground chamber in the quadrangle. They pressing at the door, some of the stoutest and strongest of our freshmen, giant-like boys, opened the doors, let in as many as they pleased, and shut the door by main strength against the rest; those let in they fell upon, and had beaten very severely, but that my authority with them

\* "Sir Richard Baker notes Sir F. Ashley's death as, 'by the will of God,' November 20, 1635. (*Chronicle*, p. 417, ed. 1684.) Noy, who was made Attorney-General in January 1634, died August 9, 1635. (*Howell's Letters*, i. 241; *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser. i. 211.) There must therefore be a mistake in Baker's date of Sir F. Ashley's death. Sir F. Ashley was a conspicuous defender of the arbitrary system of Charles I., and was committed to custody by the House of Lords in 1628, on account of the violence with which he argued at the bar of that House for the Crown against the Petition of Right."

\* "Fragment of Autobiography."



stopped them, some of them being considerable enough to make terms for us, which they did."

Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper left Oxford before taking his degree; and, while yet only eighteen, married a daughter of Lord Keeper Coventry in 1639, and thus became connected with two distinguished statesmen of Charles II.'s reign, of whom the poet Marvell wrote:—

"All the two Coventries their generals chose,  
For one had much, the other nought to lose.  
Not otter choice all accidents could hit,  
While hector Harry steers by Will the wit."

After his marriage he lived with his father-in-law in the Strand and at Islington, whence he made excursions to his native place, Wimborne St. Giles, and there cultivated the friendship of his Dorsetshire neighbours. His connexion with the Coventrys combined with his own birth and position to ingratiate him with the leading families; and the advantages which he had acquired from fortune were further improved by his cheerfulness and pluck. He was even in his youth far from strong, and therefore unable to prosecute those hardy exercises in which his temperament led him to indulge. But his natural readiness enabled him to turn this physical infirmity to good account. Having accompanied his brother-in-law on a visit into Worcestershire, he went out hunting. A spasm of pain came on and prevented him from keeping up with the rest of the field. He lagged behind, and found that the Bailiffs of Tewkesbury were the companions of his ride. This acquaintance laid the foundation of his political career. How it did this may be best told in his own words:—

"At dinner the Bailiffs sat at the table's end; Sir Harry Spiller and myself, opposite to one another, sat near them, but one betwixt. Sir Harry began the dinner with all the affronts and dislikes he could put on the Bailiffs or their entertainment, which enraged and discountenanced them and the rest of the town that stood behind us; and the more, it being in the face of the best gentlemen of the country, and when they resolved to appear in their best colours. When the first course was near spent, and he continued his rough raillery, I thought it my duty, eating their bread, to defend their cause the best I could, which I did with so good suc-

cess, not sparing the bitterest retorts I could make him, which his way in the world afforded matter for, that I had a perfect victory over him. This gained the townsmen's hearts, and their wives' to boot; I was made free of the town, and the next parliament, though absent, without a penny charge, was chosen Burgess by an unanimous vote."

He was elected in 1640, before he had completed his nineteenth year. The illegality of this early election, as Mr. Christie points out, was shared by others. "At one time in James's reign there were counted fourteen members under age." Some of these were under sixteen. The poet Waller sat when he was only sixteen. "Monk's son is said to have been only fourteen when he took part in a debate on Lord Clarendon's impeachment."

This Parliament was convoked under grave and momentous circumstances. Eleven years had now passed since the last Parliament was summoned. The interval had witnessed many memorable events: the death of Sir John Eliot in prison; the imposition of ship money; Hampden's resistance; Laud's Popish innovations in the English Church; and a religious revolt in Scotland. Naturally, the new House insisted on the redress of grievances before granting supplies. It was equally natural on the part of Charles to dissolve it in three weeks. Its existence was too short to admit of any display on the part of Anthony Ashley Cooper, and it is not clear on which side he voted. It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that if he took any part at all, it was on the King's side; and this assumption is rendered more probable, if Mr. Christie's conjecture be true, that the voters of Tewkesbury favoured the Puritan party, for, at the next election, which took place six months later, he was not re-elected for that borough, but presented himself as a candidate for Downton, a borough in Wiltshire, near his own estate. Here there was a double return, and he petitioned; but there was no report of a Committee, and no decision of the House for twenty years. In 1660 he got the seat for Downton, which he had claimed in 1640! Thus he never was a Member of the Long Par-

liament at all. When the great conflict between the King and the Parliament began, Cooper was a spectator of Charles's camp at Nottingham. In the spring of 1643 he attached himself openly to the King's side, and received from the Marquis of Hertford commissions as colonel of a foot regiment and captain of a troop of cavalry in the Royal Army. He also received his commission as prospective Governor of Weymouth and Portland as soon as they should fall into the King's hands. Prince Maurice, who succeeded Hertford in the command of the Western Army, was disposed to annul his predecessor's nomination; but on the intervention of the King, confirmed, or rather allowed it. The fact seems to have been that both the King and the Prince considered Cooper too young for the office, and that both began to recognize the disadvantage of entrusting military commands to country gentlemen who made no pretensions to military skill and experience. Cooper did not long retain either his commission as Governor, or his office of Sheriff. Whether he was, as Lord Clarendon suggests, piqued by the slight which Prince Maurice had put on him, or foresaw the unhappy fate of the Royal arms, or—as he states himself—perceived the King's aim to be “destructive to religion and the State,” may be open questions. He certainly resigned all his commissions, and presented himself before the Committee of both Kingdoms in the early part of 1644. Mr. Christie, who is inspired by true biographical zeal, is anxious to defend him from the imputation of interested motives by reminding us that he left much of his property at the King's mercy. To this it may be replied, that Cooper never lacked shrewdness, and that even at this stage of the conflict he may have discerned the probability of the Parliamentary success. It is likely that he was actuated, not solely by selfish views, but by mixed motives, equally compounded of self-interest, pique, patriotism, and ambition.

The Parliament to which Cooper gave his support was very different from that of 1640, which Charles had so rashly dissolved. It had excluded the Bishops from the House of Lords; it had conferred the privilege of perpetuity on itself; it had assumed some high military prerogatives of the Crown to itself; it had tried to grasp others; it had concluded the “Solemn League and Covenant” with the Scotch Parliament. It represented not only the constitutional and religious feeling, but also much of the wealth and prop-

erty of the kingdom. In numbers and in earnestness it excelled its nominal rival which the King summoned to his aid at Oxford. At its hands Cooper now received a commission to command a brigade of horse and foot, with the grandiose title of “Field-Marshal General!” His first military exploit was to take Wareham, defended by Colonel O'Brien. Next, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary forces in Dorsetshire, in which capacity he stormed the Cavalier garrison at Abbotsbury, and afterwards drove the Royalists out of Sturminster and Shaftesbury. Thence he proceeded to the relief of Blake at Taunton, and compelled the besiegers to raise the siege. After 1644 his military services seem to have become fewer and less important, and in 1645 they came to an end, just as the command of the army passed from Presbyterian to Independent officers. He now repeated his attempt to secure his seat for Downton. A motion was made in the House, and Sir W. Erle was ordered to report on his petition. But no report seems to have been made upon it, and Cooper remained out of Parliament. The seven or eight years which ensued were signalized by the most momentous events in the history of England. They witnessed the triumph of the Parliament over the Crown, and of the Army over the Parliament, the execution of the King, and the elevation of Cromwell. Yet Cooper remained inactive all this time, and of the events which were passing around him not a hint is to be found in his diary. It certainly is a curious peculiarity of character that a man who always took a great interest in the political questions of the day, and had, while very young, taken a prominent part in a most grave political conflict, should keep a diary in which he recorded the gossip of the neighbourhood, the sentences at the Assizes, the prescriptions for his own and his wife's ailments, and did not record any of the stirring incidents of the most momentous crisis in the constitutional history of England. We hope Mr. Christie will acquit us of malevolence, but we can hardly resist the suspicion that Cooper wrote his diary for the perusal of others than his own family, and that his natural shrewdness forbade the expression of opinions the publication of which might provoke the premature hostility of any of the contending factions against himself. In July of 1649 this diary records the death of his wife, with a most tender eulogium on her character; and one of the last entries in it, nine months

later, relates his marriage to Lady F. Cecil, sister of the royalist Earl of Exeter.

At this time that remnant of the Long Parliament which survived the execution of the King — vulgarly called the Rump — was drawing to a close. Its ultimate extinction was hastened by its own discussion as to the time and mode of its termination. It was, indeed, strange that a fragment of an Assembly, which owed its existence to the toleration of a dominant Army, should have lasted so long. Now its hour was come. While it was, in April, 1653, passing a Bill for the regulation of its own successors, the Lord General entered with two files of musketeers, and bade the members all be gone. The Speaker, according to one account, was "plucked out" by two soldiers; according to another, was "sweetly and kindly" taken by the hand and "led out of the Chair." The House was dissolved, and, in June, was succeeded by an Assembly of one hundred and forty-two persons, nicknamed Barebone's Parliament. In this odd and heterogenous gathering Sir A. A. Cooper sat as one of the ten Members for Wiltshire. He was also added to the thirty persons who now composed the Council of State. On the 10th December the new Parliament, after a session of squabbles and prayers, resigned its powers into the hands of Cromwell. What part Cooper had in the discussion which preceded this resignation does not appear, neither what part he took in its general proceedings. Mr. Christie is probably right when he defends his hero from the charge of having participated in the spiritual exercises of the fanatical mechanics who conferred on this Parliament its special notoriety. Dryden, it is true, virulently assailed him in later years as a hypocrite, —

"Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,  
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;  
Groaned, sighed, and prayed while godliness  
was gain,  
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train."

But had he really prayed or groaned with the Stand-in-the-faith Nathaniels, or the Saved-from-the-fire Nehemiahs of the Conventicle, it would surely have been generally remembered to his discredit at a later period when he took an active and conspicuous part as a Parliamentary leader on the great questions of civil and religious liberty. Impulsiveness, rather than hypocrisy, was, at all times of his life the leading feature of Cooper's character; and his ardent temperament, which often

resembled enthusiasm, was displayed in political, rather than religious heats.

The dissolution of the Parliament was followed by the Instrument of Government, which made Cromwell Lord High Protector, reformed the constitution of Parliament on the basis which was imitated in our own day, and established a Council of State, of which Cooper was made a member, and wherein John Milton was one of his colleagues. Many moderate men wished to see the Crown conferred on Cromwell, and among these was Cooper; but the name of "King" stunk in the nostrils of the root-and-branch men of the Army, and Cromwell could do nothing against its will. Mr. Christie quotes a curious passage from Bishop Burnet, to the effect that Cromwell offered to make Cooper King. Probably the origin of the story was some grim piece of humour on the Protector's part when Cooper tried to persuade him to assume the Crown, or, more probably even, a piece of mystification played off by Cooper on Burnet. But there is not one single reason for believing that such a proposal was ever seriously made by Cromwell to Cooper.

In the Parliament convoked under the Instrument of Government, Cooper sat again for Wiltshire. This House, from its beginning gave trouble to the Protector. After his opening speech, the members began to discuss the very principle of the existing government. The debate lasted four days in "Grand Committee;" and when the Committee broke up, there seemed every likelihood of its passing a resolution declaring the Government to be "in a single person limited and restrained as the Parliament should think fit." The firmness of the Protector was sufficient for the emergency. The next morning members found the doors of the House locked, and were ordered to meet the Protector in the Painted Chamber. When he came, he read them a lecture on their insubordination in venturing to upset the personal government of the country, and warned them that he should exact from them a promise not to repeat the offence. On their return they found the doors still locked, and an officer standing with a declaration of obedience, which each member was to sign. In the end, the declaration was signed as required. But the ingenuity of the members managed to override this barrier. The Instrument of Government was debated in the whole House. The first clause, which placed the chief government in the hands of a single person, was left untouched, according to the

terms of the declaration; but the others were amended in a sense offensive to Cromwell's pride and adverse to his power. Cromwell was not to be thus thwarted. The Parliament was, by its constitution, not to be dissolved under five months. Cromwell chose to construe this as meaning lunar months. The Parliament had sat five months of twenty-eight days, and he dissolved it. A month before its dissolution, Sir A. Ashley Cooper retired from the Council, or was ejected from it. The causes of either contingency are unknown. Among those which are conjectured is one of a domestic nature. Cooper had again become a widower, and was said to have unsuccessfully aspired to the hand of the "Lady Mary," Cromwell's daughter, who married Lord Fauconbridge. This explanation is not impossible, but it wants confirmation. It is more probable that Cooper, who throughout life exhibited such a quick perception of popular feeling, had detected a growing dislike to Cromwell's government, and feared to hazard his own safety or popularity by adhering to it. Whatever may have been the disappointments of his courtship, he repaired or consoled them by a third marriage. His next wife was the daughter of the second Lord Spencer of Wormleighton. She bore him no children, but lavished the affection of a mother on Cooper's son by his second wife, and again watched over the infancy of that stepson's child, who became celebrated in after years as the author of "Characteristics," and whom a popular author of our day has oddly confounded with his grandfather, the subject of this work.

On the meeting of the new Parliament, Cooper was again elected for Wiltshire, but Cromwell would not allow him to take his seat. The Instrument of Government had made the approbation of the Council a condition precedent to admission into Parliament. Cooper, who had ceased to be a member of the former body, was now excluded by it from the latter. He then, in conjunction with others in the same position, addressed a remonstrance to the Speaker. The upshot was a contumelious reply on the part of the Council, that they had not refused certificates to such as "were persons of known integrity, fearing God, and of good conversation." Sir A. A. Cooper and many others were compelled to submit to this reply and to their exclusion from Parliament. This House proved more manageable than some of its predecessors. It presented the "Humble Petition and Advice," the

two main objects of which were to confer the Crown on Cromwell, and to restore a House of Lords. Cromwell refused the Crown and remained Protector, but the House of Peers was re-established.

Mr. Christie says that Sir A. A. Cooper's name was not in Cromwell's list and that the Protector had now no hope of gaining him. It does not appear to us that there was any very strong motive why Cromwell should be anxious to gain him. He does not appear to have been either so useful in Council or so formidable out of Council that he should be specially soothed or courted. He was not in Parliament. His opposition was not of a very powerful kind, and his partizanship, on whatever side he ranged himself, was liable to vary with his caprices or his fears. Cooper was a baronet with 8000*l.* a year, and such men, however vain or ambitious they may be, do not stake their all, in troublous times, on the fortunes of a faction or of a man. Cromwell's position was too strong to be resolutely attacked by such a force as Cooper could bring against it; and it was not strong enough to fire his enthusiasm or enlist his devotion in its behalf.

In January of the next year, 1653, Cooper took his seat with the other excluded members. At the opening of the Session the ears of the audience were struck with the disused words, "My Lords and Gentlemen." The Commons began to take exception to the restoration of the Upper House on the arrival of a message from the Lords. In vain Cromwell sent for them and exhorted them to union. They continued to debate this innovation on the constitution of the Government till they were dissolved. In these debates Cooper took a prominent part. He was for having a "Grand Committee" on the powers and privileges of the other House. His speeches are very meagrely reported. The extracts read like the random notes of an illiterate pressman. Whatever Cooper's views were with respect to the new Peers, they were not now so strongly expressed as they were in the following year. But the opposition offered by himself and others irritated Cromwell so that he dissolved the Parliament within a month after he had convoked it. Cromwell never convoked another, for he died seven months after its dissolution. Richard, his son, whom he had named as his successor, and who was recognized by the Council, called a new Parliament in January, 1659. The constitution of the lower House reverted to the form which existed previous

to the "Instrument of Government," and the Lords were summoned also. Cooper took his seat for Poole, and became a prominent leader of the opposition. Animated debates took place on the question whether Richard should be "recognized" or "declared" Protector. On a resolution being proposed "saving the rights of Parliament," Cooper spoke with a vigour and resolution which we do not trace in his speeches under the more powerful sway of Oliver. The next great question was, whether the House would transact with the other House as with a House of Parliament. In this debate Cooper delivered a speech against Oliver's Peers. The speech, as published, is full of vigorous acrimony, but whether it was ever spoken as published may be doubted. The following extracts show its force and its bitterness:

"That which we deliberate is not whether we will say, we do not care to be free, we like our old masters, and will be content to have our ears bored at the door-post of their House, and to serve them for ever; but, Sir, as if we were contending for shame as well as servitude, we are carrying our ears to be bored at the doors of another House; an House, Sir, without a name, and therefore it is but congruous it should consist of members without family; an House that inverts the order of slavery, and subjects us to our servants; and yet, in contradiction to Scripture, we do not only not think that subjection intolerable, but we are now pleading for it. In a word, Sir, it is a House of so incongruous and odious a composition and mixture, that certainly the grand architect would never have so framed it, had it not been his design, as well to show the world the contempt he had of us, as to demonstrate the power he had over us."

Again, the following description, if really spoken, must have sounded racy in the ears of many:—

"What I shall speak of their quality, or anything else concerning them, I would be thought to speak with distinction, and to intend only of the major part; for I acknowledge, Mr. Speaker, the mixture of the other House to be like the composition of apothecaries, who mix something grateful to the taste to qualify their bitter drugs, which else, perhaps, would be immediately spit out and never swallowed. So, Sir, his Highness of deplorable memory to this nation, to countenance as well the want of quality as of honesty in the rest, has nominated some against whom there lies no other reproach but only that nomination; but not out of any respect to their quality or regard to their virtues, but out of regard to the no-quality, the no-virtues of the rest; which truly, Mr. Speaker, if he had not done, we could easily have given a more express name to this other House than

he hath been pleased to do: for we know a house designed for beggars and malefactors is a house of correction, and so termed by our law; but, Mr. Speaker, setting those few persons aside, who, I hope, think the nomination a disgrace — and their ever coming to sit there a much greater — can we without indignation think of the rest? He, who is first in their roll, a condemned coward; one that out of fear and baseness did once what he could to betray our liberties, and now does the same for gain.\* The second, a person of as little sense as honesty, preferred for no other reason but his no-worth, his no-conscience; except cheating his father of all he had was thought a virtue by him, who by sad experience we find hath done as much for his mother — his country. The third, a Cavalier, a Presbyterian, an Independent; for the Republic, for a Protector, for everything, for nothing, but only that one thing — money.† It were endless, Sir, to run through them all; to tell you of the lordships of seventeen pounds a year land of inheritance; of the farmer lordships, draymen lordships, cobbler lordships,‡ without one foot of land but what the blood of Englishmen has been the price of. These, Sir, are to be our rulers, these the judges of our lives and fortunes; to these we are to stand bare, whilst their pageant lordships deign to give us a conference on their breeches. Mr. Speaker, we have already had too much experience how insupportable servants are when they become our masters. All kinds of slavery are miserable in the account of generous minds; but that which comes accompanied with scorn and contempt stirs up every man's indignation, and is endured by none whom nature does not intend for slaves as well as fortune."

These quotations reflect but little credit on Cooper's consistency or good feeling. He had been a supporter of the Protector and his government; had held office under him; had been the intimate friend of his son Henry; was supposed to have been the suitor for the hand of his daughter. Yet the great man is scarcely cold in his grave before Cooper assails him with this scurrilous abuse. It is difficult to say which is the more astonishing, the ingratitude or the

\* "Nathaniel Fiennes, second son of Viscount Saye and Sele, who had, in the beginning of the Civil War, surrendered Bristol to the King's army without making any defence, and had been condemned to death by a court-martial but pardoned by the Earl of Essex, the General-in-Chief. He was now First Commissioner of the Great Seal, and one of Richard Cromwell's chief advisers. His father and a younger brother, John, were also named by Cromwell members of the House of Lords: the father did not sit."

† "Supposed to be Lord Broghill, after the Restoration created Earl of Orrery; a poet and playwright, as well as a versatile and ambitious politician."

‡ "Colonel Pride, one of the lords, had been a brewer, and is said to have begun as a drayman; and Colonel Hewson, another lord, had been a shoemaker."



impudence of this speech. Not only had Cooper been a friend of Cromwell, but he had worn the colours of every party in the State, Cavalier and Republican, Presbyterian and Independent. And now the faculty of "rattling" which he himself had signally illustrated, he unblushingly condemned. It is impossible, when reading such passages in Cooper's life, not to feel how much truth there is in Dryden's satire:—

"Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;  
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace."

There is one epithet here which perhaps ought to be changed. Shaftesbury was restless, impatient, irritable, and capricious. But he can hardly be said to have been always "bold." Whatever boldness he did possess was, in the earlier stages of his career, tempered by discretion. He generally measured the vehemence of his language by the impunity of its utterance. A few months earlier, his disapproval of the Restoration and the shiftiness of politicians would have been touched with delicate and cautious wit. Now, the Protectorate and time-servers might safely be cauterized in terms of uncompromising indignation. And so through life. Although on many occasions Cooper's vanity, impatience, and irritability prevented him from reaping all the fruits of his energy and capacity, it was only towards the close of his career that his indiscretion threatened him with serious danger. He was often indiscreet, but this did not damage either his fortune or his position. On the contrary, one was improved, while the other was not impaired, by a very turbulent and restless prominence in public affairs during a very turbulent and restless epoch of our national history.

After an animated debate the Commons affirmed the following resolution, "That this House will transact with the persons now sitting in the other House as a House of Parliament during this present Parliament, and that it is not hereby intended to exclude such Peers as have been faithful to the Parliament, from their privilege of being duly summoned as members of that House."

Next came the question of settling a revenue on Richard Cromwell. Cooper resisted a proposal to this effect, but unsuccessfully. He was more successful in carrying a resolution that after the termination of that Parliament no tax should be in force without the distinct and special sanction of the House.

Meanwhile, the clouds were gathering on the horizon. The House of Commons and the House of Lords were squabbling about forms. But there was a power in the country greater than that of Lords and Commons. That power was the army, which looked with contemptuous indignation at the temper which could debate forms and ceremonies, bowings and salutations, messengers and messages, while its own claims were treated with indifference. The officers had been accustomed to sit in council under Fleetwood's presidency at Wallingford House, and here they framed resolutions recommending the transfer of the military command to some one in whom they had confidence. These resolutions were insolent and menacing, and Richard appealed to Parliament, which passed two other resolutions imposing on all military officers oaths of allegiance to the Protector. These were sent up to the Lords. While the Lords were debating them, Richard assumed an air of firmness, and dissolved the Council of Wallingford. Fleetwood and Desborough defied his authority and demanded the dissolution of the Parliament. Richard was too weak to resist; he submitted; Parliament was dissolved; and the fate of Richard's Protectorate was sealed.

Not that the two generals, Desborough and Fleetwood, were hostile to Richard's civil supremacy. They were, on the contrary, bound to his person and his interests by ties of affinity. One was the husband of his sister, the other of his aunt. Their object was limited to curtailing his military authority. But like many other general officers who seek to attain certain ends of their own in times of disorder or unsettled government, they reckoned without their host. Their army had views very different from theirs. The men and many of the officers were for the most part of the stern stuff which had formed the iron ranks of Oliver, grim Republicans who hated Prelacy only a degree more than they hated Monarchy. The Council of Officers would not hear of tolerating the personal rule of Richard. Ultimately it was proposed to restore the Rump, and the proposal became a resolution. A declaration inviting those members who had continued their sittings after the execution of Charles I. was presented to the old Speaker Lenthall. On the 7th May, 1659, the army of Richard brought back the Speaker and a portion of the Rump to the seats from which the army of Oliver had ousted them. Cooper eagerly sought to establish his seat in the restored House for the borough of



Downton. He petitioned; but at first his petition was either rejected or postponed. Probably his many tergiversations subjected him to the suspicion of the dominant party. But, though excluded from the House, he was admitted into the Council of State, as one of the ten non-Parliamentary members. His election caused great surprise, but is not wholly inexplicable. Already men's minds were wavering between different forms of government. The English army was, as we have seen, violently Republican. It is not likely that the country gentry and men of substance sympathized with it. The weakness of Richard only suggested some stronger and more enduring form of government. Such thoughts might not safely find expression at the time, but they would lead men to revolve the means of bringing about a reactionary revolution. If there was any likelihood of effecting a change, there were no better instruments to employ for the purpose than men whose natural restlessness was modified by a discreet perception of the best opportunity for changing. Such a man was Sir A. A. Cooper, and doubtless he owed his seat in the Council to the same suspicions which kept him from a seat in Parliament. He vehemently repelled the charge of being in correspondence with the exiled King; and we believe his assertion. But it is quite consistent with this denial that he should discern the temper of the times, and be prepared to conform his actions to the tenor of opinion. And it is not unlikely that he may have examined and discussed the means which the Royalists had at their command for the furtherance of their cause. It appears from the Clarendon Papers, quoted by Mr. Christie, that overtures were made to him by Charles, to which he made no response. Overtures more significant in their tendency, though less important in their profession, were made to him in 1659 by one more eminent and powerful than Charles. Monk wrote to Cooper begging him to use his influence that no change might be made in the disposal of the men belonging to the Northern army. Similar letters were written to the Speaker and other members of Council; and it is clear that Monk was feeling his way. Another passage quoted by Mr. Christie from the Clarendon State Papers describes the discord of parties which prevailed at this time, and presaged the coming change.

"The confusions now," writes Major Wood, June 8, 1659, "are so great that it is not to be credited; the chaos was a perfection in compari-

son of our order and government; the parties are like so many floating islands, sometimes joining and appearing like a continent, when the next flood or ebb separates them that it can hardly be known where they will be next."\*

A rising was attempted by Charles's partisans in Cheshire, but was easily suppressed by Lambert. Shortly after this, Cooper was arrested on suspicion of corresponding with the Royalist agents, but was acquitted by the committee which examined him. Meanwhile the generals, apprehending some coup d'état on the part of Parliament, addressed a remonstrance to the House for its lenity to the recent rebels and its ingratitude to those who had punished them. The House was angry and cashiered the generals; in return, the generals were furious and threatened the Parliament. Westminster beheld the troops of Lambert arrayed against the troops of the Parliament, but no collision ensued, and Lambert triumphed without bloodshed. Cooper sided with the Parliament in the Council of State against Lambert. But he soon ceased to sit, and the Council itself could not maintain itself against the Army. A rival Council was set up by the generals, which was soon merged in a Committee of Safety, among the members of which were Fleetwood, Lambert, and Desborough. The special objects of this body were to abolish tithes and prevent a monarchy. But it had neglected to secure the co-operation of Monk, whose attitude was one of armed and expectant inaction. His neutrality prevented the Council from preserving the ascendancy which it had gained. The army differed as much from any body of regular troops which had been known, either in England or on the Continent, as it differed from any that has been known since. It was, in its origin and its main composition, not an army of mercenaries. It had mercenaries in its ranks, but its principal constituents were men who had become soldiers not for money, nor for fashion, but for a cause which they deemed as precious as life. They were recruited from the middle ranks of society in an age when the middle ranks possessed the soil of England much more extensively than they do now, and from the religious, thoughtful, and earnest section of those ranks. They were citizens in arms rather than professional soldiers. Yet the object which had banded them together, the success which they had achieved, the victories which they had won, the wonderful revolution which they had

\* "Clarendon State Papers, iii. 479."

effected in the condition of England, all combined to inspire them with a unity of feeling far stronger than the *esprit de corps* on which professional soldiers justly pride themselves. They were the established and recognized representatives of a great and triumphant principle. They had changed the England of the Stuarts into the England of the Commonwealth. They had triumphed over the King and the Prelacy; they had humbled Parliament; they had confronted and cowed their own leader, the great Oliver, when he ventured to aspire to the name and power of king. No wonder that such an army should have become a caste, a proud, sensitive, jealous, and menacing caste. No wonder that its chiefs should be suspicious of any encroachment on its powers, and its officers of any encroachment on its principles. But, notwithstanding all the forces which tended to inspire union, there were other forces which more strongly tended to inspire disunion. The civilians by whom the army was recruited retained many of their civilian predilections. Some remained Presbyterians, while others, hardened and braced by the struggles of a conflict which had been no less theological than martial, were implacable Independents. Again, Monk had little sympathy with Lambert, Fleetwood, and the London generals; Fairfax was decidedly hostile to them; the army of the North had only a partial sympathy with the army of the South. As each section became conscious of this latent disagreement from the other, the suspicion which each harboured towards the other became more confirmed. Such was the state of feeling when, in November, 1659, commissioners from Monk came up to London to treat with Fleetwood, and were afterwards induced to confer with Cooper and Sir A. Haselrig. They left London with the assurance that, if Monk declared for the Parliament, he would be named Generalissimo of all its forces. Before the end of the month, Cooper, in conjunction with eight members of the old Council of State, had secured the power and restored the Parliament, and appointed Monk Commander-in-Chief of the forces in England and Scotland. Cooper was, in the following January elected member of a new Council of State, and at length, in January 1660, obtained his seat for Downton on his old petition of 1640. Shortly after, the Speaker handed to him in the House his commission of colonel of the regiment of horse, of which Fleetwood had been deprived.

The policy which Cooper now followed

is thus described in a letter cited by Mr. Christie:—

"The present complexion of the Parliament," writes Mordaunt to Hyde, "is very pale; Sir Arthur Haselrig undermined by Cooper, Morley, and Weaver, and from a Bolomont is reduced to a pitiful rogue. . . . Cooper yet hath his tongue well hung, and words at will, and employs his rhetoric to cashier all officers, civil as well as military, that sided with Fleetwood and Lambert; and Morley rebukes all the sectaries. Thus these two garble the army and state. . . . The parties in the House are diametrically opposite: the three-and-twenty with Cooper, who acts Cicero; and some sixteen with Nevill, who represents Anthony."\*

After Monk came up to London, he was beset by the conflicting intrigues of Cooper and Haselrig. Eventually Cooper triumphed, and Monk proceeded, at his instigation, to Westminster, where he demanded a free Parliament. The Rump were alarmed, not only at the demand, but also at the enthusiasm which it excited. They saw that it was now impossible to retain the supreme power within their own small circle, and proceeded to vote for completing the number of members. But they clogged the vote with qualifications which would have restricted the new members to their own party. This plan was opposed by Monk, who insisted on the readmission of the excluded members. Monk carried his point, and was appointed Commander-in-chief, and issued to Cooper the commission of Governor of the Isle of Wight.

The Rump Parliament came to an end in April, 1660. A Convention Parliament of the two Houses met on the 25th of that month. By this time Monk had matured his plans in favour of the King. The two Houses had sent commissioners to Charles at Breda; one of the commissioners was Cooper. On the first of May, Sir John Grenville appeared in both Houses, and pre-ented the King's letters to the two Speakers. On the 29th of May Charles himself entered London amid the acclamations of an enthusiastic populace. He had returned without conditions and restrictions, to the dismay of one party, the mixed fear and satisfaction of another, but to the unqualified joy of the majority of the English people.

One incident connected with this journey to Breda had lasting consequences to Cooper. While travelling his carriage was upset, and his fall caused an internal abscess, from which he suffered during the

\* "Clarendon State Papers, lii. 650."

rest of his life. Not the least part of the misfortune was that it subjected him to the lampoons of scurrilous assailants, whose foul imagination suggested an origin of the malady as shameful as it was false.

Cooper was now in his thirty-ninth year. He had given, not open and consistent, but seasonable and efficient aid to the Restoration. Nor was the King allowed to remain ignorant of his merits. While Charles halted at Canterbury, on his way to London, he made Cooper a Privy Councillor. The Convention Parliament having been confirmed by statute, Cooper retained his seat in the House of Commons, and supported the Government there. He was one of the thirty-four Special Commissioners appointed, at the close of the Session, to try twenty-eight regicides who had been "excepted for life and estate." Among the accused were Harrison and Hugh Peters; among the judges, Monk and Montague, of whom one had been a general in Cromwell's army and the other a peer in Cromwell's Upper House. Ten of the former were executed at once; the remainder having surrendered in obedience to the Royal Proclamation, were respited till a special Act should be passed for their execution. That Act was never passed, and they escaped the infliction of death.

Mr. Christie is at great pains to defend Cooper from the charge of criminal inconsistency in sitting as a judge on these trials. We think this is superfluous. Cooper lived in an age which was not nicely sensitive as to alternations of political partizanship. Cooper's delicacy was not greater than that of his contemporaries; but it certainly was not less. Monk, Montague, and Manchester sat on the trial of the regicides, and they had all taken an active and avowed part in the events which led to the trial and sentence of Charles I. Cooper was out of Parliament at the time, devoting himself to the business of sessions and assizes, and there are reasons for supposing that he regarded the execution of the King with disapproval. Having given active assistance to the *de facto* government of Cromwell, he undoubtedly would have behaved with greater decency if he had refused to sit as judge on the men who had laid the foundation of that government. But his inconsistency or indecency was far less flagrant than that of his colleagues.

The Convention Parliament having been dissolved, Cooper ceased to sit in the House of Commons. Before the new Parliament met, in 1661, he had been created

Baron Ashley of Wimborne St Giles. A few days later he received an appointment which in our age would be impossible, that of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Under-Treasurer. In our day it is inconceivable how a Chancellor of the Exchequer could sit in the House of Lords. But one of two things is clear. Either the office was in those days less financially important than it is now, or its general importance was so great that it was considered expedient to combine its tenure with a seat in the House of Lords. Lord Campbell, however, is wrong in stating that Ashley gave himself to routine business and the life of a *roué*. Without claiming for him the morality of a purist, it is only just to observe that there is no proof that in an age of general laxity Ashley was pre-eminently profligate. That he may have attended the levees of Lady Castlemaine, and have sauntered in the company of other royal mistresses, is not improbable; but in doing this he only showed himself not superior to the general demeanour of the society in which he lived. It was one baleful effect of the tone adopted after the Restoration, not only by the Court, but by many of the people who had groaned under Puritan strictness, that men affected vices from which they were really free. And as a character for gallantry implied the profession of certain showy qualities, of which most men are vain, it is not unlikely that Ashley's vanity gave colour to an imputation which was common to the whole courtly circle in which he moved. As to the other imputation, it is equally unfounded. Ashley did not concentrate on routine duties the time which he is represented to have stolen from frivolity. At this time the debates in the House of Lords were more vehement and more thorough than those in the Commons. The opinions of members of the Upper House commanded a more general attention throughout the country than those of the Lower; and on the important questions then under debate Ashley spoke neither unfrequently nor ineffectively. He opposed the Corporation Act, and the Act of Uniformity, and the Act which imposed on all militia officers the same tests as were contained in the Corporation and Uniformity Acts, except renunciation of the Covenant. He vigorously supported a Bill for enabling the King to dispense with the provisions of the Act of Uniformity. Had this Bill become law, it would have prevented many a bitter conflict in after-times; but it was lost. Of Ashley's

speech in its support Clarendon says: "The Lord Ashley adhered firmly to his point, spake often and with great sharpness of wit, and had a cadence in his words and pronunciation that drew attention." This advocacy of the dispensing power won for Ashley the favour of the King, who was naturally inclined to toleration, and, moreover, thought it a matter of honour to adhere to his Declaration from Breda. "Strange to hear," says old Pepys, "how my Lord Ashley . . . is got into favour so much that, being a man of great business and yet of pleasure and drolling too, he, it is thought, will be made Treasurer on the death or removal of the good old man." The Count de Comminges about this time writes:—

"Lord Ashley, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was formerly of Cromwell's Council, and who in my opinion is the only man who can be set against Clarendon for talent and firmness, does not shrink from speaking his opinions of Clarendon with freedom, and contradicting him to his face. He has gone so far that he has made the King perceive that Clarendon's alliance with the Duke of York was very prejudicial to him, and as he is very acute and a very good courtier, and is perfectly well in the King's graces, it is suspected with sufficient probability that Lord Bristol and Secretary Bennet and Morrice and all the rest of that clique may well give trouble to the Chancellor, and place him in a disagreeable position."

Both courtiers and foreigners perceived that Clarendon's influence was beginning to wane. And some of them were shrewd enough to see that Ashley's was on the rise.

Pepys writes, June 6, 1663: "Sir John Hebdon, the Russia Resident, did tell me how he is vexed to see things at Court ordered as they are by nobody that attends to business, but every man himself or his own pleasures. He cries up my Lord Ashley to be almost the only man that he sees to look after business, and with the ease and mastery that he wonders at him."

His impulsiveness was of such a combative character that every public question was, to his view, coloured rather by its relations to himself and his position than by its eventual bearings on the public weal. Whether in office or in opposition, he was an equally keen advocate both in defence and attack. Thus we find him, on one memorable occasion, defending the King's prerogative even against the King's wish. He had been appointed, after the beginning of the Dutch War, Treasurer of the King's Prizes, which, under the prevailing system of percentages, was probably a very lucrative post. While he held

this office Sir George Downing introduced a proviso into the Supply Bill of 1665, limiting the appropriation of a war grant exclusively to expenses of the war. This suggestion was carried, and became the foundation of modern Appropriation Bills. How necessary such a proviso was became evident in the following year, when the Commons examined the public accounts and discovered how much of the money voted for the war had been wasted on other objects. But when it was first introduced it offended none so much as Lord Clarendon, who was Lord Chancellor, and Lord Ashley, who was Chancellor of the King's Exchequer and Treasurer of the King's Prizes. Clarendon denounced the clause because it encroached on the royal prerogative. Ashley disliked it because he was a financial official at the time, and the clause transferred the disposal of public money from official decision to the domain of statute law. But the King's friends went beyond the King himself. Charles wanted money, and he wanted it with the least possible trouble and delay. He saw that opposition to this clause might make future grants difficult and reluctant. So he bade his friends withhold their opposition, which they did, and then the Bill passed the Lords as it had passed the Commons.

Although Ashley had sided with Clarendon in his zeal for the prerogative, he did not side with him in his propensity to persecution. He strongly opposed the intolerance of the Five Mile Act and the Bill for imposing oaths of absolute obedience. Considering that the plague was at that time ravaging the capital, and that the beneficent ministrations of Dissenting ministers had sensibly mitigated its horrors among the sufferers in London, it is as difficult for us to understand the intolerance of the former Act, as it is to realize the extravagant spirit of loyalty which nearly carried the latter Bill. But the tenor of each measure clearly indicates how galling had been the yoke of that Puritanism which excited so strong a reaction.

In this year Ashley formed the acquaintance of John Locke, an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship honourable to both, although ultimately dangerous to Locke. The foundation of their intimacy was a malady of Ashley, caused by the accident to which we have already referred. Owing to the plague, Parliament had adjourned from London to Oxford, and Ashley was staying there after the prorogation. Locke was a student at Christ Church, and, after a brief diplo-

matic apprenticeship, studying medicine. Ashley had consulted Dr. Thomas, a resident physician, respecting some waters, and Thomas, unable to attend, had deputed Locke. The connection thus formed involved Locke in all the perils then attendant on the friends of obnoxious statesmen. Suspected of having written pamphlets under the inspiration of his patron, he shared the disgrace which fell on the latter, and after Ashley's death was punished with exile. For this penalty England has reason to be grateful, for she owes to it the "Essay on the Human Understanding."

This was a hard time for England. France and Denmark had allied themselves to Holland against her. The Great Plague had carried terror and death into London. The Great Fire had followed the Great Plague. There were universal complaints of financial mismanagement. Simultaneously a great depreciation had taken place in the value of landed property; rents had gone down, and land could be bought for sixteen years' purchase. It is curious at this time to find Ashley coming forward as an opponent of the importation of Irish cattle into England, for no better reason than a fear that it would injure English agriculturists!

England was now weary of the war she was waging against Holland, and France was equally weary of her alliance with Holland. A secret treaty was effected between Louis and Charles by the intervention of the Dowager Queen Henrietta Maria, and France discontinued her reluctant and languid hostilities. Holland a little later concluded a war which had been as glorious to herself as it was disgraceful to England.

In the same year Lord Southampton, Lord High Treasurer, died. The Treasury was accordingly put into Commission. Ashley, still Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a commissioner with Sir W. Coventry, Sir John Duncombe, and Sir T. Clifford as colleagues. In the same year Clarendon was removed from the Chancellorship. Whether Ashley was in any way accessory to his disgrace is not very clear, and certainly is not important. In an age of such changeable and shifty politics, it is difficult to say when statesmen were not opposing or intriguing against each other. It is certain that Ashley opposed the vague and general impeachment of Clarendon for treason without assignment of specific acts; but it is also certain that he supported the Bill by which Clarendon, after he had fled the country, was ban-

ished for life, and was made liable to the punishment of death if he returned to England. There had never been any long or close intimacy between Ashley and Clarendon, and official ties in that age were not regarded as strongly binding. No two men could have been more unlike than Ashley and Clarendon; the one vain, restless, aspiring, and ambitious; the other staid, haughty, obstinate, and imperious. The proud and overbearing disposition of Clarendon must have affronted when it did not cow the volatile energy of Ashley. Nor must it be overlooked that certain transactions in Clarendon's life had made it very difficult to defend him from popular obloquy. His connivance at the sale of Dunkirk to France, and his share in riveting the dependence of Charles on the French King's gold, had made him as unpopular with high-principled patriots as his narrow Churchmanship and indomitable bigotry had made him odious with the persecuted and obstinate sectaries.

Ashley was not likely to have much love for Clarendon, nor to grieve over his removal, and although he might hesitate to begin the attack on the Chancellor, he would have less hesitation in pushing him in his descent, when the victim had lost the friendship of the King and the regard of the people. When Clarendon fled, the influence and power of the Ministry passed into other hands. The age and indolence of Lord Southampton, and subsequently his death, had made Clarendon the real chief minister of the Crown. That authority could not descend on any one person. It was therefore divided among several. He was succeeded by a knot of men, whose term of office was rendered memorable by one constitutional innovation, and infamous by many perfidious intrigues. The Cabal contained the germ of a ministerial cabinet, and therefore the germ of ministerial responsibility. But the members of the cabinet, of whom Ashley was one, unconscious of the want which they were destined to illustrate rather than supply, wove such a complex web of dark and dirty intrigues that the period of their existence is generally regarded as the most disgraceful in the later portion of English history. For the minute record of their intrigues and sub-intrigues we must refer the reader to Mr. Christie's careful narrative. It is only fair, however, to premise that they began their career with a policy which they too flagrantly abandoned afterwards. The power of Spain which English statesmen had hitherto dreaded, was waning, while that of France,



which they had not yet had reason to dread, was rising. The men of the Cabal, by the instrumentality of Temple, formed the Triple Alliance which united England, Sweden, and Holland against the young and ardent ambition of Louis XIV. This was a just and natural alliance. It was the alliance of three nations connected by language, religion and blood. They were all Protestants, all maritime, and all commercial. It has seldom been the good fortune of diplomacy to affix its seal to an union so distinctly indicated by natural affinities. Yet of the men who were active in forming it, all were in different degrees active in breaking it. And that it could be broken with safety is more discreditable to the good sense than to the good faith of that age. Charles was indifferent to the honour and glory of England. It was more congenial to his tastes to sink into the condition of a paid vassal of France than to assert the position of an English sovereign dependent upon the good-will of an inquiring and investigating House of Commons. It was not wonderful that he should prefer an inglorious alliance with Louis to an independent alliance with a set of Dutch burghers who had learned to govern their country without a king. Still less strange is it that, Roman Catholic as Charles is now known to have been not only in heart but by profession, he should have preferred an alliance with a Catholic to one with a Protestant power. But the odd thing is that the rupture with a Protestant Republic in favour of an union with a Roman Catholic despotism should not have been intolerable to the bulk of a people who had emancipated themselves from Popery and from tyranny. The explanation is to be found in the general ignorance of economical subjects which then prevailed. The Dutch might be good Republicans and good Protestants, but they were also traders; they were therefore our rivals, and as rivals they must be put down. Their commerce was supposed to injure ours, and therefore must be destroyed. It was this unworthy sentiment which allowed Charles to do with little danger an act at once impolitic and ignominious. He entered in June, 1670, into a secret treaty with Louis to introduce Popery into England, and to receive aid from Louis in case of opposition; to make war conjointly with Louis against Holland. Charles was to furnish the bulk of the ships, and Louis was to pay Charles three million francs annually as long as the war lasted. But this treaty was not known to

all the members of the Cabal. Only Arlington and Clifford were privy to it. To hoodwink the other members a second treaty was set on foot, in negotiating which Lauderdale and Buckingham were engaged, and the terms of which were to be made known, as they were in a third treaty dated fourteen months later, and intended to mislead the world as to the duration of the mutual understanding between the two Kings. This last treaty was signed by all the members of the Cabal, including Ashley, who, as Mr. Christie points out, seems to have been quite unaware of the provisions of the first, which guaranteed the establishment of Popery in England. The whole intrigue was full of fraud, falsehood, and double-dealing. Louis decoyed Charles; Charles fenced with Louis. Two of the Cabal cheated the other three, and the whole gang cheated the country into an alliance fatal to its honour and interests. Ashley is free from the guilt of having knowingly assisted Charles in his scheme to force Popery on England, but he cannot be acquitted of having connived at an arrangement by which a King of England was to receive money for subordinating England to France in a joint attack on the liberties of the Dutch Republic. If it cannot be truly said of him that singly "the triple band he broke," it is still true that he helped to break it, and thus to forward the designs of Catholic and despotic powers.

Neither does it seem easy to acquit him of complicity in another affair, which caused just scandal at the time. War was proclaimed against the Dutch in March, 1672, while Parliament was not sitting. The secret treaty with Louis secured Charles a certain subsidy, but wholly insufficient for so great an undertaking. The obvious course was to convoke Parliament, but this was a course repugnant to the King. Instead of convoking, he prorogued it to a still more distant date. This measure did not facilitate the acquisition of the money which he required. He therefore resorted to a strange and arbitrary act in order to supply his wants. He shut up the Exchequer, at the cost of a bankruptcy almost wide enough to be called national. It is quite true that Clifford advised, and that Ashley remonstrated against this most flagrant breach of faith. And this Mr. Christie seems to think is sufficient to absolve his hero from all share in blame in the proceeding. We are of an entirely different opinion. We do not think that the penning of a simple memorandum (which he probably knew



would be disregarded by the King) was all that was required from a Minister who was not only a Privy Councillor, but also a Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, which was to be made an instrument of robbery. Ashley retained his office and was shortly afterwards advanced in the Peerage. So far as we can ascertain he never, as minister, made any attempt to cure the injustice which had been committed, and which was never wholly redressed. Mr. Christie quotes Stringer's memoirs to show that Charles wished to confer on him the post of Lord High Treasurer, but that Ashley resorted to a multiplicity of devices to elude the honour. The motive of this reluctance, it is urged, was disapproval of the arbitrary injustice perpetrated by the King. To us it rather seems that the unpopularity of that act was sufficient to deter a man of less sensitiveness and less shrewdness than Ashley from undertaking the chief control of the national finances. The King certainly wished both to reward him and attach him more closely to his interests. For Ashley had been useful to him in furthering the Dutch war and the French alliance; he had again been useful to him in supporting the Declaration of Indulgence, by which the King dispensed with the penal provisions of existing statutes against Dissenters, and gave them immunities which it would have been wise and politic to perpetuate. In both these cases Ashley followed the bent of his convictions, or whatever feeling passed with him for conviction. He shared the ordinary jealousy which was then generally entertained by the English towards the Dutch; he shared with many of his countrymen their prepossessions in favour of the French. He had himself been a Presbyterian and had acted with Presbyterians. He was therefore in favour of their liberal and tolerant treatment. In each case his own conviction or caprice jumped with the policy of the King, who created him Earl of Shaftesbury, and was disposed to make him Lord Treasurer. On Shaftesbury declining this honour, the King conferred on him the most exalted dignity in the realm. The Great Seal was taken from the keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgman, and given to Shaftesbury with the higher office of Chancellor. Upon this Clifford, now a peer, became Lord Treasurer, to the disappointment of Arlington, who, having been Charles's confederate in the secret French treaty, reckoned on the King's grateful recollection of his services. Charles probably thought that Clifford's

counsel in the Exchequer business merited acknowledgment, and on this account preferred him to Arlington, whom he pronounced to be too young.

Shaftesbury as Chancellor had to address the Parliament which met in February, 1673, after an interval of two years and one year after the beginning of the war. It was then usual for the Lord Chancellor to expand and supplement the Speech with which the King had opened the Session. On this occasion the King asked for supplies to carry on the war against the Dutch; a war which he described as "important, necessary, and expensive." He also expressed his pride in the Declaration of Indulgence and his resolution to stick by it. The speech of the Chancellor followed, expanding that of the King and commenting on it, paragraph by paragraph. It called the Dutch the enemies of every monarchy, and the rivals of England in trade. "You judged right," it said "that at any rate *delenda est Carthago*, and therefore the King may well say to you, 'Tis your war.'" When he referred to the King's debts, the Chancellor had the intrepidity to aver that the "stop of the Exchequer" was forced on the King much against his will by the insufficiency of former supplies. And he dwelt upon the mildness and toleration of the King as evinced in his Declaration of Indulgence. The whole of his speech was in a tone of florid exultation. If it expressed his real sentiments, they were singularly transitory and evanescent. If they were not his real sentiments, he must be held guilty of a most unworthy and unpardonable simulation. Probably the truth lay between the two hypotheses. Shaftesbury agreed officially with the tenor of the King's speech, but his agreement was not the effect of deep reflection, nor the source of profound emotion. With his easy lightness of heart, he lavished upon its embellishment the ready resources of his rhetorical skill, and he knew himself so little that he entirely overlooked the prospect of having on some future day to recant the professions in which he had then so liberally indulged. But though this ready adaptation of language to the exigencies of a position does not argue a deep depravity, it strongly militates against the supposition that Shaftesbury had firm and fixed principles.

In the meantime the English people were undergoing one of those periodical accessions of anti-Catholic feeling which recur at intervals in our later history, and which it would be inconsiderate to de-

nounce as the results of reckless bigotry. Although neither the conversion of Charles or his treaty with Louis were known to the world, yet his brother's conversion and the Roman Catholic sympathies of the Court were no secret, and the people began to look with suspicion on any apparent connivance at the obnoxious religion. It is probable enough that Charles's Indulgence was not only intended to comprehend both Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, but was issued with the object of recommending liberality to the Catholics under guise of toleration of the Dissenters. Nothing could be more unpopular than the Declaration was. Its intention was liberal enough to shock all who were bigots; its manner was arbitrary enough to shock all who were tolerant. As Lord Macaulay puts it, "All the enemies of religious freedom and all the friends of civil freedom found themselves on the same side." Those who cared little for Papists or for Puritans viewed with alarm this new exercise of the Prerogative, and the King's Manifesto aroused at once the political and religious fears of the nation. The Commons promised the sum required for carrying on the War. But after they had promised this, they voted an Address to the King, in which they maintained that "penal Statutes in matters ecclesiastical cannot be suspended but by Act of Parliament." The King cautiously replied, that he would consider it. The controversy continued until the King appealed to the Lords, who answered equivocally. Then the King rejoined, in language which sounds oddly at the present day, "I take this Address of yours," he said, "very kindly, and will always be very affectionate to you, and I expect that you will stand by me, as I will always be by you." The Lords did not respond to the King's wish that they should act as a buffer between His Majesty and the Commons. On the contrary, they concurred in a joint Address with the Commons against the increase of Popish recusants in the kingdom. They joined in asking for the expulsion of all foreign priests and Jesuits, and for the imposition of a Protestant test on all officers of the Army. Next, the Lords began to prepare a separate address against the Declaration of Indulgence. The King did not wait for its delivery. He anticipated it by cancelling his Declaration within five weeks from the day on which he had expressed his firm resolution to "stick by it." He did not inform the Lords himself of this change, but left it to be told by Shaftesbury, who,

five weeks ago, had eloquently described its publication as evidence of the King's goodness and kindness of heart. Mr. Christie quotes a paper found at St. Giles's, recommending a reference of the question by the King to the House of Peers, as Shaftesbury's. We are by no means sure that it is by Shaftesbury. If he was the author, it is only another proof of the singular versatility of his opinions; for he had not only approved, as Chancellor, of the King's conduct in cancelling the Declaration, but he also expressed his approval of it with his usual effusiveness in the House of Lords. The Opposition, still flushed with this victory over the King, soon obtained another by carrying the famous Test Bill, which compelled the Duke of York and Clifford to resign their employments, but not before it had secured for the King the subsidy promised by the Commons in the early part of the Session.

Parliament was now prorogued. Osborne, created first Lord Latimer and afterwards Earl of Danby, had succeeded Clifford. Two parties were contending for supremacy in the nation. One supported Popery and the French alliance, the other, and the more powerful, was opposed to both. General opinion regarded Shaftesbury as a leader of the latter party; and he is said to have armed his household against the apprehended attacks of Popish malignants. That the King suspected Shaftesbury of being at the head of the Protestant party is not unlikely. If he did, the conduct of the faction in the House of Commons was not likely to reconcile His Majesty to it or its leaders, for when the two Houses met after their third prorogation, the Commons voted an address, deprecating the consummation of the intended marriage between the Duke of York and the Duchess of Modena, which had already been celebrated by proxy. They further begged that His Royal Highness might not be married "to any person but of the Protestant religion." The address was unavailing. Again the Houses were prorogued for a short time, and on their assembling again, the King's speech was followed by the usual supplementary speech of the Chancellor. This Parliament also was prorogued within less than a week, from the 3rd of November to the 7th of January. In the meantime the House of Commons had made itself sufficiently disagreeable to Charles. It had given expression to the popular feeling against the Popish sympathies and the arbitrary tendencies of the Court. It had repeated its remonstrance against the mar-

riage of the Duke of York, and preferred new complaints against the army, and against the administration of the Duke of Lauderdale. It had refused supplies, and also refused to recognize the Dutch war. No wonder that the King was irritated at so impracticable and unaccommodating an assembly, and less wonder that he should be displeased with a Minister who had, latterly, exhibited sympathy with the constitutional opinions of the opposition. Within six days after the prorogation of Parliament, Shaftesbury was deprived of the Great Seal.

"His brother-in-law, Henry Coventry, was the unwilling bearer of the following order to Shaftesbury to deliver up the great seal:

"CHARLES R.

"Our will and pleasure is that you forthwith deliver our great seal to our right trusty and well-beloved Councillor Henry Coventry, our principal Secretary of State, and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at our Court at Whitehall the ninth day of November, 1673, in the five-and-twentieth year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command,

"ARLINGTON.

"To our right trusty and right well-beloved Cousin and Councillor, Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, our High Chancellor of England."

"It is said by Stringer that Coventry, as he took the seal, addressed Shaftesbury in these words: 'My Lord, you are happy; you are out of danger, and all safe; but we shall all be ruined and undone; I desired to be excused from this office, but, being your relation and friend, they put it as an affront on me,'"

After Shaftesbury's dismissal, the Cabal Ministry soon came to an end.

Of the manner in which he discharged his judicial duties during the year he held the Great Seal there is little to be said, but that little is not unfavourable. Shaftesbury was not a professional lawyer,—he had no knowledge of the technicalities of law, and it was impossible that with such a disqualification he should have left any enduring impression on the administration of equity. But he seems to have been an honest judge, and to have relied on the knowledge of capable assessors in framing the decisions of his court. It is less probable that Dryden wrote under the inspiration of accepted or expected favours than that he echoed a sound opinion when he penned the panegyric in the second edition of his "Absalom and Achitophel."

But if Dryden's praise is hyperbolical, Lord Campbell's condemnation is extravagant. The main charge which he urges

against Shaftesbury is that of shuffling in the matter of the injunctions applied for to restrain the clients of the bankers from proceeding at law against them on account of the injury inflicted by the "stop of the Exchequer." But this charge is, we think, fully met by Mr. Christie, as are the ill-natured sneers on Shaftesbury's dressing, riding, and coxcombry which Lord Campbell borrowed from Roger North, and perverted in the borrowing.

It was not likely that a nature like Shaftesbury's should rust in idleness when emancipated from the cares of office. Whether it was a fear of the mischief he might do in opposition, or a sense of the service he might render in the Ministry, one feeling or the other seems to have induced Charles to try to bring him back again. But Shaftesbury was obdurate. Mr. Christie quotes, without seeing the construction which is suggested by quoting, the simultaneous efforts of the French envoy, Ruvigny, to bribe him into resuming office. It is true the bribe was rejected, but the fact that it was offered and not rejected with the most open and scornful indignation, shows that Shaftesbury's abilities were more respected than his principles by contemporary politicians. Henceforth Shaftesbury's active mind was devoted to the cause of opposition. Whether, in the capacity of a popular leader, he was animated exclusively by a pure spirit of patriotism, as Mr. Christie asserts, or by spite, vindictiveness, and natural turbulence, is a question which it is, perhaps, now impossible to solve. But whatever be the true solution, it is unquestionable that, during the four following years, he was the most conspicuous politician in England.

Parliament met again in January, 1674. It was barely a year since Shaftesbury, as Chancellor, had descanted on the mildness and toleration of the King in issuing the Declaration of Indulgence. He now came forward, as a leader of the opposition, to propose an Address, which was carried, to order all Papists to repair to their dwellings or depart ten miles from the capital. The whole speech was conceived in the spirit of Protestant terror, and must have incensed the King, the Duke of York, and the Court. Next were heard the first mutterings of the future Exclusion Bill. It was proposed that any of the Royal family who married a Roman Catholic should be debarred from the succession. Lord Peterborough declared this to be a "horrid proposal." Shaftesbury replied, "not so horrid." The prosecution

of this and other measures was stopped by one of those prorogations, which, in Charles's reign, followed close on every meeting of Parliament. Parliament was prorogued the last week of February. By this time the Dutch War had become highly unpopular, and a separate peace was made with Holland.

The conduct of Shaftesbury in the last Session soon brought its natural fruits. His name was erased from the list of the Privy Council in the following May; and he became more and more identified with the opposition. In this attitude he was now joined by Buckingham, who had been dismissed from the Ministry on an address from the Commons. Arlington had subsided from the post of a Secretary of State into that of Lord Chamberlain; and the two ministers against whom Buckingham and Shaftesbury combined to wage war were Danby and Lauderdale. Danby was, as Macaulay states, corrupt himself and a corrupter of others. He was one of the statesmen who helped to build up that system of Parliamentary corruption which the succeeding century admired in all the luxuriance of its composite development. He was a staunch champion of the King's prerogative. But he was an Englishman, and had many hearty English sentiments. He loathed the idea of maintaining the King's prerogative by foreign arms, and believed that its most solid and substantial support might be found in the array of the Cavaliers, the Clergy, the Universities—in short, the Conservative forces of the kingdom. Therefore, in prosecution of his scheme, he did not fear to confront both the Papists and the Dissenters. He introduced a Test Act, which, in fact, imposed upon all military and civil officers and all members of Parliament an oath of passive obedience. The debate on this Bill was singularly vehement and protracted. It was debated five days before going into Committee, it was debated seventeen days in and out of Committee. The divisions and protests which it caused kept the whole country in a state of excitement for weeks. Shaftesbury took a prominent part in opposing the Bill. Burnet says of him, that "he distinguished himself more in this Session than ever he had done before." He adds also, that bold as Shaftesbury was in his criticism, his caution was equal to his boldness. He gave no excuse for the Crown to send him to the Tower. The testimony of Andrew Marvell is worth quoting. "It might be injurious," says he, "where all of them did so excellently well, to attribute more

to any one of those Lords than another, unless, because the Duke of Lauderdale and the Earl of Shaftesbury have been the more reproached for this brave action, it be requisite by a double proportion of praise to set them two on equal terms with the rest of their companions in honour." The Bill had passed the second reading triumphantly, but never got beyond this. While these keen debates were proceeding, its course was arrested by a keener discussion of privilege between the two Houses, a discussion which Shaftesbury has the merit of having inflamed into a quarrel. Having used his influence to excite the Commons into a passionate remonstrance against the right of the Lords to hear appeals in Equity, he fanned the flame by stimulating the Lords to an equally passionate assertion of their right. The Test Bill was forgotten in the quarrel, and the quarrel was closed by a prorogation. Nothing could have been cleverer than Shaftesbury's tactics in this Session, and they were equally brilliant in the next. His motion to the Lords not to part with their appellate jurisdiction was one of the best specimens of *ad hominem* rhetoric upon record. He actually succeeded in gaining over the Duke of York and the Romanist Peers to his side, and finally the question was lulled by the prorogation of Parliament for the long period of fifteen months. This prorogation came to an end in February 1687. The position of the King was at this time very strange, and as discreditable as it was strange. He was the acknowledged mediator between France and Holland. He was at the same time the unacknowledged pensionary of France. He had a secret compact with Louis. The conditions of this compact were to keep his Parliament from meeting as long as possible, and to make no treaty with any foreign State without the privy of Louis. The French King had given him 100,000*l.* the year before in consideration of this long prorogation, and was now prepared to give him 100,000*l.* more if he would only prorogue for another year. But Charles owed a million sterling, and only a Parliament could give him that large sum. Danby, who hated the French alliance, urged him to take the course which was at once English and constitutional. The King had no alternative but to assent. But previous to the reassembling of Parliament, a French emissary was in London, with French gold, prepared, under the direction of the Duke of York, to play off the passions, whims, and interests of the Nonconformists and

the opposition against the minister, whose hostility to France and French ambition was well-known. As soon as the Houses met, Buckingham took the initiative of opposition by moving the question whether the recent prorogation for more than a year had not been illegal, and whether the Parliament was not absolutely dissolved. Shaftesbury seconded Buckingham—as Marvell says, “with extraordinary vigour.” The question was a very nice one, and was most ably argued. The debate became very stormy. After the motion was rejected, it was moved to call these two Peers and two of their supporters to account. Eventually the four were committed to the Tower during the pleasure of the King and of the House. Burnet says, that Lords Salisbury and Shaftesbury gave great offence by asking to have their own cooks with them. Shaftesbury remained in the Tower for a twelvemonth. After that time he sued out a writ of habeas corpus before the Court of King’s Bench, and there he argued the illegality of his commitment. The Court held that it had no jurisdiction in the case, and Shaftesbury was sent back to the Tower, where his imprisonment was now stricter than before.

Meanwhile the relations between Charles and his subjects had become somewhat embarrassing. Louis XIV. had entered on that career of conquest and glory to which we may trace the imitative aggressions of the First, and the retributive humiliation of the Second Empire. He had taken Valenciennes, Cambria, and St. Omer. His brother of Orleans had defeated the Prince of Orange at the head of 40,000 men. Charles looked on these triumphs of his friend and ally with a satisfaction equal only to the pain and regret which they inspired in his chief minister and the bulk of his people. The latter saw in the conquests of Louis a career preliminary to the suppression of English liberty, while the former recognized in them the possible instrument for repressing popular discontent and dispensing with refractory Parliaments. The Commons implored the King to form such alliances as might check the ambitious designs of the French monarch, and they promised him adequate supplies for the object. Charles temporized and equivocated. He wanted money and did not want to make war on France; they desired an alliance with Spain and the Empire. After some time they distinctly specified the alliance which they wished him to form. This was too much for

Charles, who reproved them, as Elizabeth reproved her Parliaments, for travelling beyond their proper sphere of duty. He then adjourned them, and began a wretched haggle with Louis for money, which ended in a way satisfactory to neither. Mr. Christie taunts Danby with his part in this mercenary squabble. It was a mean part, doubtless, for a minister to play. But Danby probably regarded it as a game of skill played against the art of French diplomacy. He certainly had no intention of giving anything important in exchange for the gold of Louis, and may have piqued himself on obtaining money from the French King without consideration. He soon gave the strongest proof that he himself was not a tool in French hands or an instrument of French ambition. For he helped to bring about the marriage between the Princess Mary and the Prince of Orange, a marriage which was destined to introduce a policy the most fatal to the glory of the French arms and the aggrandisement of French power. This union, fraught with the most important consequences to England and Europe, was celebrated in November, 1678, while Shaftesbury still lay in the Tower.

From his prison Shaftesbury addressed certain supplicatory letters, which testify how much more keenly he felt the severity of his punishment than the duty of self-respect. One of these is written to the King and is remarkable for the recapitulation which it contains of the writer’s services to His Majesty at the time of the Restoration. But these letters produced no immediate effect. A petition on his behalf to the House of Lords was rejected on the ground that he had committed a breach of privilege in suing out a writ of habeas corpus in the King’s Bench. At last a hearing was granted him, and he made a most humble apology in a speech to the House. Among other things he said—

“‘I do profess to your Lordships, upon my honour, that I would have perished, rather than have brought my *habeas corpus*, had I then apprehended or been informed that it had been a breach of the privilege of this honourable House. It is my duty, it is my interest, to support your privileges. I shall never oppose them. My Lords, I do fully acquiesce in the resolution and declaration of this honourable House: I go not about to justify myself, but cast myself at your Lordships’ feet; acknowledge my error, and humbly beg your pardon, not only for having brought my *habeas corpus*, but for all other my words and actions, that were in pursuance thereof and proceeding from the same error and mistake.’”



"After this, Shaftesbury made submission in the following words, prescribed by the House:— 'I do acknowledge that my endeavouring to maintain that the Parliament is dissolved was an ill-advised action, for which I humbly beg the pardon of the King's Majesty and of this most honourable House; and I do also acknowledge that my bringing of a *habeas corpus* in the King's Bench during this Session was a high violation of your Lordships' privileges, and a great aggravation of my former offence, for which I likewise most humbly beg pardon of this most honourable House.' "

But this was not all. He made submission of the most complete kind in a form prescribed by the House. Of this it must have galled him to think in after days; and he took the best means to prevent the perpetuation of the ignoble record; for two years later he succeeded in obtaining its erasure from the journals of the House of Lords. When he resumed his seat, those wretched intrigues were still in progress by which Louis, Charles, and the English Opposition were severally trying to overreach each other, and which resulted in the Peace of Nimeguen. Shaftesbury does not appear to have spoken, although he wrote a memorandum on that peace. But a short interval saw him reassess his usual prominence in the stormy drama of the Popish Plot. Both Houses had appointed Committees to enquire into Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's murder. Both Houses had resolved that "there hath been and still is a damnable and hellish plot, contrived and carried on by the Popish recusants for the assassinating and murdering the King and for subverting the Government and rooting out and destroying the Protestant religion." In deference to the expressed wish of the House of Commons the Duke of York had withdrawn from the Council. Then the Commons sent up a Bill disabling all Roman Catholics (save the Duke of York) from sitting in Parliament; for which Shaftesbury spoke, and which was passed by the Lords. Shaftesbury soon afterwards signed a protest against the refusal of the Lords to join in an address of the Commons for the removal of the Queen and her retinue. In every proceeding on the alarmist side Shaftesbury took a leading part. While the inquiries into the Plot were still in progress, a new direction was given to popular passion by the impeachment of Danby. The chief minister had, by Charles's written order, trafficked with the French King for advance of money to his own sovereign. The dependence of Charles upon the bounty of Louis had been generally sus-

pected and talked of for some time, but no one could adduce positive proofs of the venal compact or its conditions. Wounded vanity burning to wound again, revealed the nature of negotiations which the two principal parties were equally anxious to keep secret. Montague, the ambassador in Paris, had been disappointed in his object of becoming Secretary of State, and determined to avenge this slight on Danby. Having entered Parliament, he informed the House that he held in his possession papers of the utmost moment to the King and the nation. The House appointed a committee, ordered a search, and found two letters from Danby to Montague, instructing him how to barter proposals of peace for French gold. An impeachment was voted, but before the articles of impeachment could be sent to Danby Parliament was dissolved, having sat eighteen years. The next Session the two Houses were engrossed with the Popish Plot and the prosecution of Danby. The minister, despite Charles's efforts to save him, was sent to the Tower, and Shaftesbury, as leader of the opposition, made a powerful speech on the state of the nation. His next appearance was in a novel and unexpected character. Charles, who felt Danby's loss, had been induced by Sir W. Temple to reconstitute the government, and to appoint a new Council of thirty, composed equally of ministers and independent members of the Legislature, in addition to princes of the blood. It must have been to the astonishment of all, as it was to the disgust of Temple himself, that the man selected to preside over the Council was Shaftesbury, with a salary of 4000*l.* a year, and rank next to that of the Lord Chancellor. It is supposed that the Duchess of Portsmouth and the French Envoy had some influence in suggesting the appointment. In this position he gained the ear of the people by his zealous advocacy of a Protestant succession. The time was when the King had entertained such kindly feelings towards his bastard son Monmouth that the recognition of his legitimacy would not have surprised anybody, and would have particularly pleased that vast section of the people which had a profound horror of Popery. But that time was past. The King had disavowed any intention of recognizing the son of Lucy Waters as his heir. It was much to be feared, therefore, that if Charles died, he would be succeeded by the Duke of York. Now the Duke of New York was identified by the English people with the cause of Popery. Shaftesbury worked on



the popular prejudice, if he did not share it. Exerting a peculiar influence over the House of Commons which no peer could hope to exercise in our day, he caused his willing partisans in the Lower House to introduce and carry the celebrated Exclusion Bill. But this Bill, when it was sent up to the Upper House was signally defeated, although Shaftesbury gave it his most strenuous support. Its principal effect was to make the King prorogue Parliament without consulting the new Council by whose advice he had so lately promised to be guided in all weighty affairs. But before he thus prorogued it, he gave assent to a bill more important than any other that was passed during his reign and the introduction of which immortalizes the name of Shaftesbury. Its author's experience in the King's Bench had taught him how imperfect was the relief given by a writ of habeas corpus under the common law. He therefore introduced a Bill remedying the abuses and supplying the deficiencies which often nullified the writ. Although he was President of the King's Council at the time, he had to encounter the strong hostility of the Court in carrying it through the House. There seems, too, some justification of the common story that, after all, it was carried by a combination of blunder and falsehood, if not by a falsehood alone. Bishop Burnet gives this account:—

"Lords Grey and Norris were named to be tellers. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing. So, a very fat Lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first, but, seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with his misreckoning of ten, so it was reported to the House, and declared that they who were for the Bill were the majority, though, indeed, it went on the other side."

Mr. Christie says, that an entry in a MS. journal of the Lords shows the numbers in the division to have been 57 and 55, in all 112, while the journals record the presence of only 107 members on that day. Whatever the means that were used, the result has certainly been a happy one for the personal liberty of every subject. If it was filched by an accident, the accident was providential; if by fraud, the fraud deserves the epithet of "pious." And no Englishman whether he admires or dislikes the general character of Shaftesbury, can fail to be grateful for an Act which placed the security of himself and his countrymen for ever beyond the assaults of power, the intrigues of corruption, and the concessions of fear.

Shaftesbury had now made himself doubly objectionable to the Court. He had bound on the persecution of the Duke of York; he had carried an Act which cut away one of the most ordinary supports of despotic power; he had a large following in the City, where he lived, and was regarded as the leader of the Protestant party. It was intolerable that a man should preside at the King's Council, and direct the counsels of the King's enemies. No sooner had a new Parliament been elected, than it was prorogued by the King, who depended on France for supplies, and who took an early opportunity to dismiss Shaftesbury from his office. Yet within a month from the date of this dismissal Sunderland was endeavouring, on the part of the Crown, to persuade him to resume office as First Commissioner of the Treasury. This offer seemed as strange to some of Shaftesbury's contemporaries as it seems to us; and probably his refusal was regarded as equally strange. But Shaftesbury may have looked forward to Monmouth's succession and his own exaltation as chief minister of the Crown. In the agitation of the Exclusion debates it must often have seemed possible that Monmouth might rally the Protestants of England to his standard, and his succession to the throne on the death of Charles would have been almost certain. In such a contingency Shaftesbury would have been the most powerful man in the kingdom. As it was, he threw in his lot with the Protestants and the Exclusionists, with no very remote probability of securing victory for his followers. He memorialized the King to call a Parliament. But the King, worried by the agitation against the Duke of York, and by the inattention of Louis to his entreaties for aid, still further prorogued it. The King then summoned the Duke of York from Scotland. On this, Shaftesbury succeeded in withdrawing four of his friends from the Privy Council. A few months later, he, with a powerful body of followers, took the bold and unusual step of presenting an indictment in the King's Bench against the Duke of York as a Popish recusant. The summary discharge of the Grand Jury prevented any further action on the indictment, but the popular sentiment, of which Shaftesbury had made himself the exponent, was so strong, that shortly after the Duke sulkily went into exile at the request of the King. At last the long-deferred Parliament met in October, 1680. On November 2nd two strong resolutions of the last Parliament were renewed in the Commons denouncing the

intentions of the Papists, and the Duke of York as the hope of the Papists. Next the Exclusion Bill was reintroduced, and passed the Commons. It then went up to the Lords, where it was vigorously supported by Shaftesbury, as vigorously assailed by his nephew, Halifax, and finally rejected. The hostility of Halifax and others is explained by the division that had been widening in the Protestant party. A certain section, under Shaftesbury, regarded Monmouth as their future chief and prince; another, and that a growing one, looked to William of Orange as the future head of Protestantism and the kingdom. Baffled, Shaftesbury was not discouraged from making another effort. He next had the audacity to move to set aside the King's marriage and marry him to a Protestant. In urging this proposal he had the effrontery to assert that Clarendon had selected the Infanta to be Charles's wife, because he knew that she was barren and that his own daughter's children must succeed to the throne. It was during this debate that the following scene occurred, which, better than any long description, gives us an idea of the strong dissimilarity which separates our age from that:—

"Some Lord represented that the remedy of divorce was very uncertain, there being no assurance that the King of Great Britain would have children by another wife. Thereupon Lord Shaftesbury rose, and pointing to the King, who is almost always by the chimney, said, 'Can any one doubt, if he looks at the King's face, as to his being capable of making children? He is only fifty. I know people upwards of sixty who would have no difficulty in making children.' The whole House laughed, and the King did the same.

"Lord Clarendon furnished also matter for much laughter, by saying, in order to combat the allegation of the Queen's barrenness, that he knew her to be like other women, that she had been pregnant, and had had a premature confinement of a child which was larger than a rabbit. The King of England said laughingly to those near him, 'I do not feel altogether pleased at Lord Clarendon's knowing so much about all my wife's concerns.'"

The Peers passed a variety of strong resolutions against the Duke of York and a Popish successor; but Shaftesbury did not proceed with his motion for dissolving the King's marriage. The Queen herself was a gainer rather than a loser by his proposal, for it elicited in her behalf a degree of consideration and tenderness on the part of Charles to which the poor Portuguese Infanta had long been unaccustomed. But, although he allowed this

question to drop, Shaftesbury did not abate his vehemence in attacking the Duke and the Popish succession. One of his speeches, having been printed and published, was thought to be so violent that the Lords ordered it to be burned by the common hangman. The Protestant sympathy or the dread of Popery was gaining strength daily. The Commons refused supplies unless the King would consent to the exclusion of the Duke of York; and while they were in the act of passing a series of strong resolutions, the Black Rod knocked at the door to announce that the King was waiting to prorogue them. The Parliament was prorogued only to be dissolved; and a new Parliament was summoned to meet at Oxford. This selection of any but the capital for the great council of the nation was generally unpopular, and was supposed to intimate the King's dread of the citizens of London. The King was petitioned to change the summons to Westminster; but in reply to this, as to many other petitions about this time, he gave a firm denial. The Lords and Commons had to provide lodgings themselves, and Shaftesbury was lodged in Balliol College. The two Houses met on March 21st, 1681. The Commons again introduced the Exclusion Bill; and on March the 31st the King, having kept his intention a secret, went down and dissolved the Parliament. This was the last Parliament that sat in Charles's reign. He lived for years after its dissolution: but the provident bounty of Louis made him independent of all grants from Parliament during the remainder of his life. During the Session at Oxford a scene occurred which, as recorded by Barillon, illustrates the anxiety felt by Charles on the question of the succession, and the peculiar relations existing between Shaftesbury and the King, no less than the important position of the former.

"SIRE, — The King of England being two days ago in the Upper House before the Lords had taken their places, Lord Shaftesbury approached and handed him, through the Marquis of Worcester, a paper, which he said had been addressed to him anonymously. This letter says that the only remedy for the disorders which threaten England is to do henceforth what his Britannic Majesty promises in his speech to accept as to the expedients for placing the administration of government in Protestant hands in the case of a Papist coming to the Crown; and that for that purpose the Duke of Monmouth must be declared successor, and a measure which can settle matters in a day must not be postponed.

"The King of England read the paper, and afterwards said to Lord Shaftesbury that he would be very glad to have a legitimate son, and be able in honour and conscience to see a child of his own capable of succeeding him rather than his brother and his brother's children; but that no consideration would induce him to take resolutions contrary to all law and justice, and that means must be sought for satisfying the people other than measures so unjust and odious.

"Lord Shaftesbury replied: 'If you are restrained only by law and justice, place your reliance on us and leave us to act. The laws will be on our side, and we will make laws which will give legality to a thing so necessary for the quiet of the whole nation, and by which great calamities will be avoided.'

"The King of England rejoined: 'My Lord, let there be no self-delusion. I will never yield, and will not let myself be intimidated. Men become ordinarily more timid as they grow old: as for me, I shall be, on the contrary, bolder and firmer, and I will not stain my life and reputation in the little time that perhaps remains for me to live. I do not fear the dangers and calamities which people try to frighten me with. I have the law and reason on my side. Good men will be with me. There is the Church (pointing to the Bishops) which will remain united with me. Believe me, my Lord, we shall not be divided, and I hope that shortly there will be none but poor creatures and knaves to support a measure without any good foundation.'

"This speech was heard with great attention by many. The Duke of Monmouth was near enough to hear it, and he was talking in a low tone, as if in ridicule of the proposal of the letter presented by Lord Shaftesbury."

It is probable that this scene led directly to the impeachment of Shaftesbury. The King would naturally infer from the words of the great Opposition Peer that the project of securing the succession for Monmouth had been weighed and resolved on by him and his followers. Coupling what he had said privately to the King with his indiscreet outbursts of Protestant zeal and his pertinacious prosecution of the Exclusion Bill, Charles would imagine there could be little difficulty in finding proofs sufficient to establish a *prima facie* case of treason against the most able and ardent of the anti-Catholic faction. It was clear that in the existing temper of the nation, a man like Shaftesbury would not allow the Court and the Duke of York any rest. The King might abstain from calling Parliament together. Shaftesbury would harangue the Aldermen, the Common Council, and the City mob, until the shouts of his applauding audience reached the King at Windsor. He would publish

his speeches, write pamphlets, circulate "Letters from a Person of Quality," use, in fact every form of assault and annoyance compatible with the restrictions of the Press, the severity of the law, and the bias of the judges. London was a great power in the State then, and Lord Shaftesbury was a great power in London. It would be dangerous to leave such a man unmuzzled; so the Government determined to muzzle him. On the 2nd of July he was seized at his residence, Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, under a warrant from the Privy Council, and carried to Whitehall, where he was examined in the presence of the King, who had come up on purpose. The Council committed him to the Tower on a charge of high treason in conspiring for the death of the King and subversion of the government. Great efforts were made to procure both oral and documentary evidence to substantiate the charge. While the Ministry was ransacking his papers and hunting up witnesses, Shaftesbury petitioned the Judges sitting at the Old Bailey Sessions, to be either tried or discharged. The Chief Justice refused his application, alleging that the Tower was not within the jurisdiction of their commission. Shaftesbury then preferred bills of indictment against the committing magistrate, for subornation of perjury. Meanwhile, a humble friend and follower of his, named College, was indicted in London for treasonable words uttered at Oxford. The Grand Jury having ignored the Bill for this treason, College was seized again, taken to Oxford, tried, convicted, and executed. Some of the witnesses who appeared against him were the men who had informed against Shaftesbury. Two months later, Shaftesbury's secretary was committed to the Gatehouse on the charge of treason. The next stage was to tamper with a Captain Wilkinson, who was about to sail to South Carolina, of which he had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor by Shaftesbury, who was one of the proprietors. This man was plied with temptations to testify to the use of treasonable language by Shaftesbury. He was then examined by the two Secretaries of State, and by the King himself; but he adhered stoutly to his denial of ever having heard any treasonable utterance by the prisoner. At last in November, a bill of indictment against Shaftesbury was presented at the Old Bailey. The Grand Jury was composed of substantial citizens. The Chief Justice who presided was Pemberton. In his charge he told the jurors that it was their business

to see whether there were *primâ facie* grounds for the charge, and, if there were, to find a true bill. This was inexact and irregular, but an equal irregularity followed. The Attorney-General prayed that the witnesses before the Grand Jury should be examined in open Court, and not in a private room. The jurors remonstrated, but their remonstrance was overruled. They then asked to see the warrant for Shaftesbury's commitment; but their request was also rejected. Various witnesses were examined and deposed to treasonable expressions on the part of the prisoner. They were severely cross-examined by the grand jurors, who retired to consider their evidence. When they returned into Court, the foreman handed in the bill endorsed with the word *Ignoramus*. As soon as this was known, vociferous acclamations arose, which were renewed for a whole hour to the great scandal of the Court and the law officers of the Crown. At night bonfires were lighted, bells rung, and the populace indulged in the noisiest manifestations of joy. Undoubtedly a great victory had been gained over the Court and over the Romanizing faction.

Just one week before Shaftesbury was indicted, the town was electrified by the appearance of a poem which appealed equally to the political and personal predilections of the time, but the magnificent versification of which belongs to all time. "*Absalom and Achitophel*" is the poem, which of all Dryden's numerous compositions, is best known to the present generation after "*Alexander's Feast*." Critics of our day read the descriptions of Achitophel and Zimri as the most perfect specimens of a terse and graphic style in the language. But the pleasure which these verses excite in us can but faintly approach the delight which they afforded to men who knew the originals; who had seen Buckingham jesting with Charles in the Mall, Monmouth bowing right and left to admiring crowds in the City, and Shaftesbury arguing points of law in the King's Bench. The poem is stated to have been written with the object of rousing the prejudices of the people against Shaftesbury. If so, it failed, as the decision of the Grand Jury shows. But although it failed in this object, it succeeded in confirming and increasing the fame of its author. No work in that generation had such a wide and rapid circulation as this had, except only the narrative of Sacheverel's trial. Within a month after its publication, a second edition appeared. In this some notable additions were made.

Amongst these was the following tribute to Shaftesbury's judicial merits:—

"Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;  
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.  
In Israel's Courts ne'er sat an Abethdin,  
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,  
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,  
Swift of despatch, and easy of access."

Whether this eulogy was a compliment to Shaftesbury's good fortune in escaping the fangs of the law, or a tribute of compunction for the severity of the satire which preceded it, we cannot determine now. Indeed, it would be very difficult for us to explain the oscillations of praise and censure between which writers of that age so rapidly fluctuated. There was a general laxity of principle, and Dryden's principles were peculiarly unstable; the politicians of the age were corrupt, and Dryden was only too amenable to changes of corruption; poets too were ever an irritable race, and Dryden's irritability was alternately the subject of pity and of jest to his contemporaries. This tardy praise may have been suggested by the reflection that Shaftesbury might, after all, again become a powerful minister; or by the latent sympathy which one man of genius feels towards another; or possibly by spite to some one who hated Shaftesbury, but hated Dryden more.

The joy which Shaftesbury's victory excited, was not confined to the city; it extended to the counties. Country gentlemen, whose loyalty to the Crown had been shaken by the dissoluteness of the Court, and whose loyalty to the Church had been alarmed by the aggressions of Romanism, exulted in the triumph of the great Protestant tribune. All the Whigs throughout the country rejoiced in the deliverance of the Whig leader. A medal was struck in honour of the event; on one side was a portrait of Shaftesbury, on the other a sketch of the banks of the river, with the Bridge and the Tower, the sun shining through a cloud, and the inscription "*LETAMUR*." The appearance of this memorial stimulated the prolific genius of Dryden afresh. In March, 1682, within four months after the publication of "*Absalom and Achitophel*" his poem of the "*Medal*" was published. It is said to have been suggested by the King. It is not generally known or quoted nowadays, nor are its verses remarkable for anything except Dryden's habitual power of virulent abuse. They are vigorous

enough, in all conscience, but they are as coarse and scurrilous as they are vigorous.

It is impossible to hold with Mr. Christie that misrepresentations alone caused the revulsion of feeling which soon showed itself towards Shaftesbury. The very poem of which we have just spoken, proves, what otherwise we might have expected, that the violent policy of Shaftesbury had, amidst much sympathetic applause, provoked much hostile reaction. While discontented Cavaliers, persecuted Presbyterians, and earnest anti-Romanists sympathized with the champion of Protestantism and the Exclusion Bill, there was a considerable section of the community which shrunk back from the probable consequences of his tactics. There was not a parsonage which had been violated by the inquisitive scrutiny of Cromwell's soldier-preachers, there was not a manor-house which had been stormed by the troopers of Fairfax, wherein alarm was not felt at the probability of another revolution and another civil war. It was right enough to support the Church and ward off Popery, thought the Cavalier squires and the country clergy, but it was rash and wanton to precipitate a conflict which might bring back the sway of another Cromwell, and the yoke of vindictive Puritans. And such a conflict might be precipitated by the partizans of Monmouth. Such were the causes which prevented the consummation of Shaftesbury's victory. From the moment that the *Ignoramus* was greeted by acclamations, a reaction set in: and Shaftesbury's political sense felt the coming danger. The Court was successful in getting its adherents elected sheriffs. Tory sheriffs would nominate Tory juries: and if a new indictment were presented Shaftesbury had but little chance of a second escape. He began to consult his friends, and with Monmouth and Russell and others, considered the scheme of a general rising. Monmouth made an excursion into the north-western counties, and was arrested at Stafford on his return from Cheshire.

"Being brought to London," says Mr. Christie, "he was released on a *habeas corpus*, on bail, himself in 4000*l.*, and security of five friends in 2000*l.* each. Two of these were Lord Russell and Lord Grey. Shaftesbury at this time, both before Monmouth was brought to London and after, strongly advised that Monmouth should go back into Cheshire, and immediately head a rising; he answered for the City, if Lord Russell would head the insurrection there, and said he would put himself at the head of several thousands from Wapping and join Russell in the City. He had ten thousand

brisk boys, he said, ready to rise. Russell counselled delay, and Monmouth concurred with Russell. About Michaelmas-day, Shaftesbury left Thanet House, fearing arrest, and lay for some weeks concealed in obscure houses in the City and in Wapping; but from his concealment he urged and stimulated his friends. About the end of October or beginning of November, there was a meeting in the City at the house of Mr. Shepherd, a wine merchant, at which were present Monmouth, Russell, Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Rumsey, and Ferguson, a Scotch clergyman and friend of Shaftesbury, whom Dryden has scurrilously malignd.\* Ferguson made a report from Shaftesbury, and those present agreed to join with him in a rising, which was fixed for some eight or ten days after. Grey, on his way to the meeting, had seen Trenchard, and had received from him a favourable account of his preparations in Somersetshire. Sir William Courtney was looked to as leader in Devonshire. The plan of proceeding in London was, on this occasion, privately arranged. There was a second meeting at Shepherd's of the same persons before the day fixed for the rising. It was then reported that Trenchard could not be ready so soon at Taunton, and it was resolved to postpone for a few weeks the day of rising. This was the nineteenth of November. When Shaftesbury heard of Trenchard's backwardness, and of the consequent postponement, he determined to make his escape for Holland."†

The narrative of Lord Grey imputes rashness and recklessness to Shaftesbury. On the other hand, as Mr. Christie says:—

\* "Ferguson is described under the name of Judas in Dryden's portion of the second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel,' the bulk of which poem is from the very inferior pen of Nahum Tate:

' Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,  
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse,  
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,  
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree?'

Lord Macaulay has adopted Dryden's abuse of Ferguson: but Dryden's abuse of a 'rebel' is no authority. I have seen intercepted letters of Ferguson in the State Paper Office which give a favourable idea of his character. The utter unscrupulousness of Dryden's abuse is convincingly proved by his scurrilous treatment of another Scotch writer for Shaftesbury's party, James Forbes, who as Phaleg immediately follows Judas in the poem. I refer to my note on Phaleg in the *Globe* edition of Dryden's poems, p. 161, for this proof."

† "The above narrative is derived and condensed from Lord Grey's 'Secret History of the Rye House Plot' (London, 1754), Rumsey's evidence on Walcot's trial, and Rumsey's and Lord Howard of Esrick's evidence on Lord Russell's trial. Dates and colourless facts may be taken on the authority of these traitors. That Shaftesbury, Russell, and the others consulted for a rising is undisputed. I do not take from any of these traitors statements inspired by personal feeling. Lord Grey's object is to throw odium chiefly on Shaftesbury, with whom he had not only been politically associated, but had lived on terms of friendly intimacy. He wrote his narrative to buy the favour of James II., and he was a thoroughly depraved man: Lord Howard of Esrick was another of the same sort."



"Shaftesbury accused his associates of timidity, and concluded that no reliance could be placed on Trenchard. It is quite possible that Shaftesbury was wrong and Russell right. This is a matter of minor concern. It is very probable that grief, anxiety, excitement, and illness had now impaired Shaftesbury's temper and judgment, shaken that once strong nerve, and weakened, perhaps unbinged that great and vigorous mind. This would be matter for compassion rather than reproach and ridicule.

"It is more important to observe that Shaftesbury and Russell had embarked together in a scheme of insurrection which, if it succeeded, would be justified by success, and, if it failed, would be adjudged treason. On the main point of treasonable intent and act, there is no difference between Shaftesbury and Russell. It has been maintained by most writers that there was not at this time sufficient probability of success to justify a rebellion against the Government. It may or may not have been so. Success alone is held to justify rebellion. But how is success always to be ensured? Shaftesbury and his friends thought, when they consulted, that success might be attained; Monmouth, a military man, was very confident of success after a little waiting; Shaftesbury was more confident, and resented delay. Either of these was as likely to be right as any or most who, at a distance of time, judge that success was improbable. Charles II.'s misgovernment was now intense and inveterate; and this at least now-a-days will not be questioned, that subjects are justified, with a reasonable prospect of success, in rebelling against great misgovernment, otherwise irremediable; for the doctrines of divine right and unconditional non-resistance, which men like Burnet and Tillotson preached to Russell in his last days, and which Russell spurned at the cost of life, have long since gone to that limbo of disrepute into which many other devices of despots and fictions of priests have passed away."

Shaftesbury escaped, in the disguise of a Presbyterian minister, by way of Harwich, to Amsterdam, where he arrived in December. To protect himself from the danger of being delivered over to the English Government, he petitioned to be naturalized as a citizen of Amsterdam. The petition was granted, as five years later a similar petition was granted to Bishop Burnet in the reign of James II. But he did not long enjoy the security of this asylum. He was seized with gout at the end of December, and lingered in great agony until he died, on the 21st of January, 1683, in the sixty-second year of his age.

Of his character it is difficult to speak with definite precision. This difficulty is caused both by the complexity of the character itself, and by the rapid mutations of events in which he lived. It is also difficult

to frame a judgment in direct opposition to that which has been pronounced by the most brilliant poet of one age and the most brilliant essayist of another. The dazzling rhetoric of Macaulay only repeats and intensifies the blow which was first struck by the mighty verse of Dryden. It is fearful odds to take up the gloves against Dryden, Butler, Hallam, and Macaulay. Yet this is the feat which Mr. Christie has ventured to undertake. The passion for redressing the scapegoats of history may as often proceed from a love of justice as from a love of paradox. We allow to the panegyrists of Robespierre and Tiberius the merit of preferring truth to injustice, and of being willing to face the trouble of correcting error rather than aid the servile propagation of its dogmas. Mr. Christie has not ventured on a task so unpopular or so unpromising as the defence of Robespierre or Tiberius, and Englishmen ought to be grateful for the industry and knowledge which he has exhibited in defending the character of the most eminent of Parliamentary leaders between the time of Clarendon and the time of Halifax. The result of his labour is not barren. If we do not agree that Shaftesbury deserves all the good that his last biographer says of him, we cannot but admit that he has not deserved the unmitigated reprehension which contemporary enmity and traditional prejudice managed to stamp on his private and public character.

First, as to his private character. Shaftesbury is accused by Dryden of the acts and the consequences of the grossest profligacy. We think the accusation wholly groundless. Shaftesbury lived in two distinct periods of our history; the one a period of rigid and enforced morality, the other of general and approved licentiousness. He was no Puritan when Puritanism was in the ascendant. Yet Puritan censors have chronicled no proven specific acts of profligacy against him. The aspersions on his morality became rife in an age when the generality of courtiers and politicians either were, or wished to be thought, immoral. It is hardly likely that if he was notoriously licentious at the time of the Commonwealth, he should have been a member of the Barebone's Parliament and of the Council of State. It is equally unlikely that, if he was ostensibly moral in the days of the Commonwealth, he should have broken out into flagrant immorality after the Restoration. Nor is it likely that a man who was thrice married, and whose private letters are full of the tenderness



of his domestic affections, should have been guilty of extreme profligacy, unless we also impute to him a dark and habitual hypocrisy, which is inconsistent not only with the tenor of his general conduct, but with that of the satire by which he was most vehemently assailed. It is not likely that a man so beloved in his own family, by his own servants, and by such men as Locke, could have been systematically dissolute. But it is very likely that a man who took the foremost part in public affairs, who was a zealous, busy, and dexterous politician, a vehement and formidable debater, did in an age of violent factions, make many enemies, and that some of these enemies did avenge themselves on him by scurrilities which the loose morality of the age would most readily appreciate and believe. The infirmity which was caused by his accident at Breda suggested a calumny on which the dirty hacks who scribbled in garrets could hardly be supposed to deny themselves the luxury of enlarging, and which would be far more damaging than the mere charge of sensuality.

But the defence of his public character is not so easy. Anthony Ashley Cooper filled too conspicuous a place in the eyes of men to escape remark. For thirty years he was an object, more or less, of public notice and comment. It was impossible not to know what he said and did in that time, although the motives of his acts and his words might be misconstrued. And his political career was certainly marked by glaring inconsistencies. He was, successively, a Colonel in the King's Army, and a "Field-Marshal-General" in the Army of the Parliament. He was a member of the Council of State under Cromwell; he was a member of the Parliamentary opposition to Cromwell; he was intimate with Cromwell; and—when Oliver was in his grave—he attacked his memory with unjustifiable abuse. He was a member of the Council of State under Richard Cromwell, and he intrigued with Monk to upset Richard Cromwell's government. He had served in the Parliamentary Army, and he was a most active co-operator with those who destroyed the power of that Army. He served under the Government which had put the King to death; and he sat as one of the judges who passed sentence of death on the men by whom the King had been condemned. At a critical epoch, when the restoration of Charles II. became morally certain, and when it was most desirable that his restoration should be fettered by

restrictions, a statesman who had abandoned the Royal for the Parliamentary cause might be supposed to be especially earnest for the imposition of constitutional restrictions. Yet Cooper, who had left the cause of Charles I. for that of the Parliament, and that of the Parliament for that of Charles II., went to Breda and negotiated the return of Charles II. without any restrictions at all. As a member of the "Cabal," he helped to frame the Triple Alliance, the best measure of Charles's foreign policy. As a member of the same Ministry, he was instrumental in undoing his own good handiwork. Being a Protestant, and having been a Presbyterian, he humoured the personal prejudices of the King, and the mercantile jealousies of the nation against our Protestant allies. In the office of the highest dignity and gravity, he condescended to stimulate the most ignoble passions of the nation by sounding the watchwords "Delenda est Carthago" against the Dutch. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he tolerated the "stop of the Exchequer." As Lord Chancellor, he eloquently eulogized the goodness of the King in publishing his Declaration of Indulgence. As leader of the opposition, he denounced the Indulgence which he had belauded. He proposed penalties against known Papists and tests against suspected Papists. He traded on the terror inspired by the Popish Plot. He magnified and encouraged the fears of the Protestant Alarmists. He threatened repeatedly, vigorously, and almost triumphantly, the succession of the Duke of York. He suggested and abetted the pretensions of the Duke of Monmouth. He was within an ace of anticipating the treason which cost that reckless youth his head a few years later. Finally, to escape the death of a traitor, he sought the death of an exile.

Such was his career. No one can deny that it was exciting, brilliant, meteoric. Few will assert that it was wholly unserviceable to mankind. As Cooper—as Lord Ashley—as Lord Shaftesbury, he riveted the attention first of a party, next of a people upon his conduct. By his dexterity as a tactician, by his eloquence and adroitness as a debater, and by the singular versatility of his opinions, he excited the wonder of all England. As the author of the Habeas Corpus Act he has earned the thanks of all sober lovers of liberty in all ages. On the whole, there is much in his career to inspire in us the sort of admiration which it inspired in his contemporaries. But it inspires nothing more.

We do not rise from this most careful, thoughtful, and friendly biography with the sentiments which Mr. Christie feels towards his hero and desires to impart to us. But neither do we rise from it with the sentiments which found expression in the powerful invective of Dryden, or in the foul-mouthed vituperation of Otway. We admit much that Mr. Christie says so well and forcibly. We admit that in an age such as that in which Ashley Cooper lived change of opinion and change of policy are necessary conditions of life to many public men. We admit that English politicians of his own and of a later date changed their party and their professions as often as he did. We remember Monk and Montague and Manchester. We admit that French statesmen of the last thirty years have changed their politics and their professions with a readiness equal to that shown by the worst trimmers and turncoats of Charles's and William's reigns. We admit that Dryden, who assailed Shaftesbury, was a more unprincipled politician than the victim of his satire; and that he was venal, which Shaftesbury was not. But this defence, although good as a defence, is valueless as a panegyric. It is not sufficient to elevate its subject into the higher and purer sphere of those who by the consistent advocacy of great principles have vindicated their own profession of the noblest qualities and earned the profoundest veneration of mankind.

To us it seems that Shaftesbury does not rise much above the rank of a first-rate Parliamentary leader. This place cannot be denied him. The imperfect remains of his speeches show him to have been singularly, in those days unprecedently, powerful in debate. He was vigorous and subtle both in assault and defence. He may be called the father and inventor of our modern debating. He all but ruled the house of Lords when the Lords ruled the opinions, if not the purses, of the people. This praise is due to him without qualification. But when we talk of great patriots and great statesmen, we think of other qualities and other names; the staid and steadfast courage of Hampden — the unquenchable resolution of Prynne — the self-devotion of Sidney and Russell — and the ardent love of England which neither disappointment nor disease could extinguish in the breast of Chatham. We think of that strong sense of duty which animated Washington in one age and Wellington in another, and we ask what claim has Shaftesbury to a place among such?

It is not because he was inconsistent that we blame him, but because his inconsistencies were regulated by a prudential regard to times and circumstances. There is at least a modicum of truth in Butler's verses quoted by Mr. Christie: —

"H' had seen three governments run down,  
And had a hand in every one;  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But barbarous when they came to fall:  
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,  
He made his interest with the new one;  
Played true and faithful, though against  
His conscience, and was still advanced:  
For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
Transformed t' a feeble state-chameleon,  
By giving aim from side to side  
He never failed to save his tide,  
But got the start of every state,  
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;  
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,  
As many ways as in a lathe;  
By turning wriggle, like a screw,  
Int' highest trust, and out for new."

No one can read this biography and assert that Shaftesbury was inspired by an enthusiastic devotion to any principle of politics. His guiding principles were love of excitement and love of power. "The applause of listening Senates to command" was with him a joy hardly inferior to that of directing the Councils and dispensing the patronage of the Crown. The rapture of Parliamentary strife was to him as great a delight as the partition of Parliamentary spoils. His temperament, affected by his bodily maladies, found a pleasant counter-irritation in the conflicts of the Senate. The vanity which so often co-exists with temperaments like his was pleased and gratified by the attention, the wonder and the fear which he alternately excited. To head a great party; to inspire a strong feeling, either of fear or sympathy; to coax the King at one time; to frighten him at another; to be asked to take office; to exchange the highest office for the power and applause belonging to the tribune of the people; these were his pleasures and delights. And let it be acknowledged in justice to his memory that he sought neither office nor position for their money-value — and that in an age when Englishmen of all parties, Tories and Whigs, patriots and courtiers took money for their votes and their speeches; when the King asked for French gold and Algernon Sidney did not refuse it, Shaftesbury was untainted by corruption. This would be no great praise in our days, but it was very great in his.

Mr. Christie will not be satisfied with

our estimate of his hero. We cannot place him in the pure empyrean of those higher spirits who gave up their mortal lives to toil for the good of others. But we do recognize in him an ambition, an energy of mind, a power of work, and a power of debating, which cannot, indeed, by themselves entitle a man to the epithet of "great," but without which no Englishman in public life can hope to attain greatness. And we sincerely thank Mr. Christie for this his labour of love in placing before this generation so minute, complete, and interesting a record of one who was not only a consummate master of parliamentary eloquence, but a powerful leader of the English people in a most critical era of its history. It would be unjust to Shaftesbury to close this article without quoting two anecdotes which prove the keenness of discernment which he evinced on the ordinary occasions of life, and which doubtless guided him in his political strategy. The first story is—

"Soon after the restoration of King Charles the Second, the Earl of Southampton, and he having dined together at the Chancellor's, as they were returning home he said to my Lord Southampton, 'Yonder Mrs. Ann Hyde (for so as I remember he styled her) is certainly married to one of the brothers.' The Earl, who was a friend to the Chancellor, treated this as a chimera, and asked him how so wild a fancy could get into his head. 'Assure yourself, sir,' replied he, 'it is so. A concealed respect, however suppressed, showed itself so plainly in the looks, voice, and manner wherewith her mother carved to her, or offered her of every dish, that it is impossible but it must be so.'"

"The second story is of Lord Ashley and Sir Richard Onslow having been invited to dinner by Sir John Denham, in order that he might have their advice about a project he had of marrying his housekeeper. The serious question having been formally opened to them for their opinion, Sir Richard Onslow was going to reply, when Lord Ashley interrupted him by asking Sir John a question which, in short, was this, 'whether he were not already married?' Sir John, after a little demur, answered, 'Yes, truly, he was married the day before.' Lord Ashley immediately replied that there was no need of their advice, and begged to be presented to the lady. As they were returning to London in their coach, 'I am obliged to you,' said Sir Richard, 'for preventing my running into a discourse which could never have been forgiven me, if I had spoke out what I was going to say. But as for Sir John, he, methinks, ought to cut your throat for your civil question. How could it possibly enter into your head to ask a man who had solemnly invited us on purpose to have our advice about a marriage he intended, had gravely proposed the woman to us, and suffered

us seriously to enter into the debate, whether he was already married or no?' 'The man and the manner,' replied Sir Anthony, 'gave me suspicion that, having done a foolish thing, he was desirous of covering himself with the authority of our advice.'"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

RIQUET A LA HOUPPE.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

II.

I HAD another letter from Sophy; she seemed to have plenty of time to herself, and it was a relief to the little thing's bubbling-over enthusiasm to pour it out in thin ink upon foreign striped paper. But my heart misgave me when I opened her envelope, and found how many sheets one stamp would cover. The letter was dated August 3, 1870.

"Yesterday," Sophy wrote, "I was told that a 'demoiselle' wished to speak to me. I went down and found the funniest old woman waiting in the passage, with a large straw hat and a little parcel in her hand. She had come to ask for news of you, she said. She heard we were English, and she had called. She brought us a present of nuts, and a bunch of dried grass and invited us to her farm. I shall certainly go: old Christine, the donkey-woman, can show us the way. The 'demoiselle's' name is Honorine, she does not cultivate the farm herself—she trots about in her black stockings, and lets the land to her cousins, also 'demoiselles.' This is a country where the women till the land, reap, store, work as men do elsewhere. They are gentle, not unrefined, very contented—as who should not be who has real work to do? They see the grain growing that they themselves have sown as they sit knitting of an evening in their little galleries. Their cows munch the hay that they have reaped and stored away, they have a right to rest when their day's work is over. I often envy them. How glad I should be to sow grain and store provender instead of reaping chaff all my life and the fruit of other people's labours!

"Yesterday the sun came out and we went to buy some shady hats at the Etablissement, where they told us we should find a milliner. The way led through a pine-wood, by a little winding-path like a green ladder, and as we went along we met two nuns coming through the trees, and looking very black and picturesque. I suppose they had been to visit some sick

person, but I do not envy them as I envy the peasant women; their lives don't seem to be real lives somehow, but made up to order, just as much as my own. They passed on their way and were followed by a lady out of a fashion-book, tripping by on high tottering heels, with a bunch of wild flowers in her hand, and a cane—I did not envy *her* at all: she bowed as we went by, and then, right at our feet, we suddenly came upon a flat shining roof, and we heard a sound rising like the hum of bees; and looking down we saw a bird's-view of a great wide court, with galleries all round and a garden beyond, and the tops of the hats of grand ladies and gentlemen passing backwards and forwards. Some were leaning over the galleries, some were preparing to drive off in open carriages, some were sitting on benches in the shade. Besides the fine ladies there were priests, peasants, and the old donkey-woman with her donkey all looking like rolling peas, as C. used to say. It was almost all shade, for the pine-woods enclose the bathing-house on every side except one. The mineral waters flow out of a cleft in the rocks, the torrent dashes along a granite basin, across which this great house is built. You cannot think how strange it seems to find a busy world such as this one hidden away deep in the wooded ravine. The people stared at us a little as we came down by a bridge leading from one of the galleries. Christine, the donkey-woman, knew us and nodded, peasants went by holding little bottles of the water which they were carrying away to their mountains. Old Honorine, with her wide straw hat and her two tidy black legs, and another round parcel under her arm, trotted past as usual, very busy about something or other.

"Sylvia said it all looked like a willow-pattern plate, and so it did, bridges, strange trees, pavilions and galleries, ladies coming and going in long Chinese-looking dresses with floating ends. There was a straight walk edged with poppies and strange plants, unlike any I have ever seen anywhere else. Up above in the wood we had heard a hum of voices, but here down below all was a curious silence—the pine-woods seemed to absorb the sounds and to keep them wandering among their labyrinths of stems and branches. As we crossed one of the bridges we met a cardinal in purple, followed by his confessor. They were both reading in their breviaries—but they looked up and bowed very politely and then went on with their devotions. Syl-

via sate on the side of the bridge and stared at them with all her big eyes. At the end of the alley I recognized our devote from the hotel, who nearly prostrated herself on the pathway when the cardinal went by for the second time. I suppose these waters are good for the clergy, we met so many priests—poor things, they tottered along, pale and emaciated, and unlike the cardinal who paced firmly down the avenue between the poppies in his purple stockings.

"One old priest was resting on a bench. Two stout peasant women came up, and sat down on either side of him.

"Eh bien, Monsieur Babot, comment ça va?"

"Gently, gently," said he.

"I have tried to draw them, and the poppies, and the sunset, and the white monk I saw looking up at the sky, but it is a feeble little sketch. One skein of yarn would be of more use to me if I could spin it. While we were buying our Swiss hats at the stall under the gallery, we thought we saw that little Mr. Rickets we met at Dorlicote passing along the opposite side of the court; but it would be an out-of-the-way place for him to have come to, and I think we must have been mistaken. Sylvia too was struck by the likeness.

"I am not more happy about Sylvia than I was when I last wrote to you. Papa does not see how she feels his quick words, and I do believe it is from mere nervousness on both sides that so much goes amiss. I must leave off now for I am going to Chamonix for the day. I wish Sylvia could come in my place: we ought to be so happy, and yet these wretched misunderstandings seem to spoil it all."

Poor Sophy! she was not contented with her lot in life, but even Sophy scarcely suspected how much her father's slights and angry reproofs affected her sister. Sylvia told me all about this time long afterwards. Sometimes she used to wake up at night and cry. "I am only a trouble to every one," she used to say to herself. "Oh, how happy Sophy is to be clever! She can make mamma forget her nerves, she can write papa's letters. Everybody always talks to her. Even the little baby likes her best, because she can play such pretty games. Oh, who wouldn't rather be clever than beautiful!" That morning Sylvia came down to breakfast very much in this mind. The door banged—her mother gave a nervous shriek, but the Colonel, for once, did not reprove his daughter—he was pre-occupied—his

five-pound notes were running short — and he was proposing to go over to Chamonix to call at the banker's. Mrs. King immediately gave him a series of commissions — some Liebeg's Extract, half-a-yard of pink silk, a pair of India-rubber overshoes, some Valerian, some small corded bobbin, a packet of English pins, three-quarters of a yard of narrow black edging.

"I had better take Sophy," said the poor man, looking distressed. "I shall never be able to remember half these things."

"Couldn't you take Sylvia too?" said Mrs. King, nibbling her bread-and-butter.

Sylvia was so pleased that she forgot she was pouring out the coffee, and it would have all run over if her father had not seized her hand just as the saucer was full to overflowing.

"As usual," he said. "No, I can't be responsible for Sylvia. When she ceases to be a trouble to everybody, then —"

"Then I shall never go," said Sylie, trying to gulp down the bitter feeling in her throat.

"Don't answer impertinently," said Colonel King.

Poor Sylvia! she said no more, and went on with her breakfast of sour bread and ashes and waters of Babylon; the coffee was black and bitter, the crusts nearly choked her. The carriage came cheerfully jingling to the door in the sun, and Sophy went off in her best hat, very loath to leave Sylvia; but she was used to leaving her sister, and to feeling useful herself, and so her distress did not last all the miles that lie between St. Pierre and Chamonix.

"Sylie shall take care of me," said her mother, kindly; "she shall read me a Porteous in the gallery."

Porteous was Mrs. King's favourite book of sermons; and here is Sylvia sitting by her mother's low chair, with the balsaam-pots on the edge of the gallery, and Sophy's great bunch of wildflowers in a jug on the little wooden table beside them, and she is reading while the hills shine and brighten. It is a lovely morning, flecked with clouds; one gleam of cool green light is on the opposite hills; there come occasional jingles of bells, for it is a fête day. Notwithstanding the Saint, many of the people are at work; and Virginie, the housemaid, with water from the well, is resting by the roadside. The old gardening woman is busy, too, in her patch among the cabbages and carrots that grow in orderly array to the sound of the torrent below. In the adjoining

fields the flax is laid out to dry. The hills wave into soft wreathing clouds. The trees are laden with fruit. The lupins and scarlet runners and melons are all dazzling together in the garden. Some child down below is singing a little inarticulate song, the *dévôte* comes out of her room, with her worsted work and her trailing gown, on her way to breakfast, and looks out upon the gallery.

"A beautiful day," she says. "You are reading history, mademoiselle?"

"Sermon," says Mrs. King gravely in French.

"Ah! this earth," said the lady from Marseilles, with a gasp. "Happiness is not for the earth. Only in the skies is he to be found. You do not come down to breakfast," with a shake of the head.

"No, *plutôt*," says Mrs. King, with a start, still in French, as she supposes.

Then the breakfast-bell rings, and a little country-cart drives up to the door and some one gets out.

"It looks like an Englishman," said Sylie, peeping over. "I suppose *he's* come to breakfast."

"Go on, my dear," said Mrs. King.

Sylie went on, but her thoughts were wandering through the fresh landscape to Sophy driving along the pass between the white mountains. Temptation, condemnation, sin — she didn't want to think about them all just then, but about beautiful, sparkling snow-crests, about people who loved each other, and always moved slowly and carefully. Oh! she *must* make them love her. She *would* try to be good.

"The fault and corruption of every coffee-cup that naturally is upset of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone," she read in a drawing voice.

"My dear! what are you saying?" said her mother. "What a horrid smell of fried potatoes!" . . . .

They were being handed round in the dining-room at that moment, hot and frizzling, from the trap-door in the wall; so were the cutlets and tomatoes, and yet the Englishman looked as if he did not like his breakfast. Isidore, the waiter, thought so as he flew round in his white waistcoat. "What a pity! the breakfast was good — better than you could get down below at the baths."

The Englishman said everything was excellent; but, all the same, he was evidently disappointed, and gazed blankly at the *dévôte*, who was fasting elaborately, and casting up her eyes, for it was a Wednesday.



Then a quarter of an hour went by in silence, which was presently interrupted by a screaming organ and a barking of dogs, and a dismal opera tune outside, jarring sadly enough with the peaceful flow of the torrent and the sunshine. A man in a peaked hat, a dark-faced girl, dressed like a man, in red, with a red ribbon in her hair had appeared on the terrace.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cries the girl, in a hoarse voice, "look and see the Spanish hoop and the celebrated water-trick, which will now be displayed;" and she threw herself down upon the ground in her juggler's dress, and went through certain evolutions with hoops and water-jugs.

The Englishman had left the table, and was standing smoking at the door by this time. There was something very sad and vexing in this dismal revelry. The poor bold-faced girl was making a weary living out of discord and contortion; her shrieks and gesticulations filled the traveller with pity; he felt in his pocket for some money to give her; and then telling M. Isidore that he should come back for dinner, prepared to walk away down the village street. As he turned from the door, a small silver coin fell at his feet, and the young man looked up and saw a hand over the carved ledge of the wooden balcony above.

Sylvia, overhead, had also been fumbling in her pocket for some little coin, and it was her hand that hung for a moment mid-air and then drew back. She had not many coins to spare, poor little maiden; but there was something so sad in the forced merriment of the two itinerants; she felt so sorry for them, trudging through this lovely world deafened to its music by an organ; bound to Spanish hoops, and tinselled over with glitter and shabby scarlet, that she sent the little bit of pitiful silver after them, that fell at Ricketts' feet. The man seized upon Tom's two-franc piece, and got tipsy with it afterwards. The girl kept Sylvia's mite carefully for her needs. Ricketts walked away, still smoking his pipe.

"... And a little more attention, for I am sure, my dear child, that you would not wish to continue giving us so much anxiety," concluded Mrs. King up in the gallery. "And now run out. You look quite pale, and the fresh air will do you good. Take Quince with you."

Sylvia felt her heart so heavy and desponding that she was glad to escape; but Quince was a dreadful infliction. Quince was her mother's maid, who hated walking,

and was no friend to Sylvia. She put on a sour black face to go out in, and was always half an hour studying it in the glass, and tying her bonnet-strings, and changing her shoes. Sylvie waited for her ever so long in front. The French lady who was slowly perambulating the terrace told her they had had a stranger to breakfast — a gentleman, who had little appetite, she said, and who had walked away down the village.

It looked all alive and busy in the beautiful sun-glitter upon the snow peaks and tiled roofs. Little Josephine, the one baby in the place, sat in her go-cart at her mother's shop-door. The old cr  tin was polishing her brass pans; they all dazzled and twinkled, so did the windows of the old grey convent that stands in the little Grand' Place on its venerable arches, where the grocer has hung candles and flasks of country-wine. The fountain was falling sparkling into the stone basin, where the cactus grows. It has been trained like a cup to catch the falling waters. The lights were shining on the little green bower, where the old villagers were already sitting pledging each others' asthmas and rheumatisms.

It was a f  te-day, and some early mass was about to begin in the church of St. Damien and St. Peter on the eastern side of the place. The village women, with their smart kerchiefs and gold ornaments, stood waiting round about the door. Here and there some old fellows from the mountain, with long coats and brass buttons like Mr. Lulworth's, stood discussing the war or the crops, or Jean Martin's new house on the mountain. The little bell came swinging up the street and echoing along the valley. The villagers stood in groups, waiting for the service to begin, or followed one another in straggling procession to the great doors of the church, where the incense was burning and the lights twinkling in darkness, and the shining little figures hanging high overhead. The three priests had come across the graveyard from the melancholy home where they lived. The long grass grew in front of it; the shutters flapped. I know not why it looked so sad when everything else was bright in the little village. People passing by could see glimpses of black soutanes hanging up from pegs in the dismantled rooms.

A lane leads past the Presbytery from the village to the Devil's Bridge below. Along the lane old Christine is trudging. She greets her acquaintances, and nods kindly to Ricketts, who is now sitting on a

log by the roadside, finishing his cigar. He points to a green cross-path, and asks if it leads to the baths? "Yes," she says. Poor old Christine, plodding hour after hour by her donkey, should know all the paths and roads about the place; as she travels on with a dirty old smiling face, and bent shoulders, and clumsy shoes, while flowers are scattered at her feet and garlands hang overhead.

Rickets moralizes a little to himself, as he watches her along the way; presently he hears some more voices at the turn of the road.

"It is going to rain, I tell you; look at them clouds. Nor can I possibly keep hup, Miss, if you walk so fast; nor would it be expected that I should." The voice sounded so vulgar and disagreeable, and jarred so with the surrounding quiet, that Rickets, to avoid it, rose from his log and went on by the pretty green path that led from the high road to the torrent.

Sylie, wilful for once, came on with the scolding maid.

"Nor are we, in any ways, on the way to the farm, Miss Sylvia," continued Quince.

"There is Christine, I will ask her," said Sylie, starting forward.

She set off running, and she caught up to the old woman in a minute. She did not see that Quince was not following. The maid had stopped short in high dudgeon, had turned, and was walking straight home again. It would be easy to complain of Miss Sylvia: and Quince knew by experience that such complaints were generally believed.

Sylie, looking back, saw her well on her way homewards, toiling up the steep in her grand yellow bonnet. The clock struck ten from the spire overhead. Rickets heard it down by the rushing torrent.

"Yes, this was the way to the Ferme au Pré," said the old donkey-woman to Sylvia; who then asked her if she was not going to church. "No, she did not go," said Christine; "she had to take her donkey to the baths, where a sick lady was waiting for a ride. One must earn one's livelihood and food for the donkey. Heaven is for the rich," she said, "not for the poor. Honorine was a propriétaire and had time for mass, not she; it was all she could do to feed herself and her donkey and her little sick grandchild." Then she told Sylvia to go straight on; there was no mistaking the road.

The sweet freshness of the early morning made all the breezy winding roads

still sweeter. Sylvia looked once more at the retreating Quince, and then went on her wilful way, hurrying as she went—a slender figure flying up the steep that leads to the hill beyond the Devil's Bridge. There the torrent falls through the green mossy glen; the cool spray dashes across the fern-grown road; some of it lay on her thick hair as she hurried on her way. The light was on the hedges, where wild roses were still hanging and autumn berries shining. Mont Blanc itself, great mountain that it is, shines with the morning, of which the flames brighten every peak, or fly with the shifting sunlight.

As Sylvia wandered on the great peaks seemed to rise white against the blue; winding paths unfolded; copses, pine-woods, green fields, succeeded one another. The little village on its rocky battlements was far away now. It was all happy, lovely, and harmonious. Sylvia did not think that of all the landscape she was, perhaps, the sweetest sight. The wood was so cool, so green, so still, all the trees seemed to circle round and round her, dancing and closing in. Once they opened out to let two old ladies pass by—two funny old ladies in frill caps tied close to their faces, with straw hats on the top of the caps and gorgeous handkerchiefs, and gold ornaments tied round their brown old necks. They stopped short, and stood nodding and smiling.

"How-d'y'-de?" says the first with the crimson kerchief. "Are you going to the fairies' kitchen?"

Sylie felt sure this smiling old fairy had just come from it herself. The girl smiled. She answered that she was going to the Ferme au Pré.

"Straight on by the mossy rocks," the old women both said, still nodding their heads. Then one of them, with a yellow kerchief, asked if she was from Paris. "I have a nephew there, a coachman," said she.

"Not from Paris!" cries the other; "from England! farther still. Hâ! I have heard of England. I have read of England in a book. Your king is gone to fight the Saracens in the Holy Land, and his bride is the Empress Matilda. I know many things in my cottage in the forest," said the old lady. Here the yellow kerchief, who seemed more interested in the present, interrupted her friend.

"Are you a bride?" she said.

Sylie blushed, and said "No," and both the old ladies smiled approvingly.

"We are not married," says old crimson kerchief. "There is happiness in all

states for the sober and laborious. You have many heathen in England," she added, lingering and shaking her head as she tucked her umbrella under her arm. Then politely, to make up, "There is also but little religion at St. Pierre. Our bishop is so often ill."

"Don't believe her," said the coachman's aunt. "Monseigneur is at the baths down below; he will soon be better, and there is the fête next month, and the great fair for the animals. The gens de Chamonix and others come driving their beasts over the mountains; there are cows, and porcs, and goats. Ah! you should be here to see. They are all in the Prâ behind the inn, so fat, so clean!"

Then the old ladies trotted off smiling, arm-in-arm, leaning on their tall umbrellas.

Sylie looked after them, almost expecting to see them slip into one of the granite rocks along the road, for their weather-beaten, worn faces might have been cut from the brown stone. People do become part of the worlds they live in. Who would not like to be made up of rocks, and torrents, and green mosses, and beautiful clouds, and distant views. There were a few clouds rolling towards Sallanches, parting with streams of light. Sylie could see them where the trees had been dashed aside by some landslide or winter torrent. It was just here that she met another traveller. This one held a string, and was leading a little pig.

"It was not well," she said. "She was taking it for change of air to the cabane of the Mont Joli. The air was so clear and fine up there she thought it might be of benefit to the invalid."

The little pig trotted off, and Sylie found herself alone. Now and then a fir-cone rolled to her feet, now and then a bird flew out of a tree, now and then a sudden sunlight came dazzling into her eyes. For a time she delighted as she went, then suddenly the very brightness of the landscape brought back her own troubles to her mind. Perhaps she was getting tired, hurrying so quickly. She sank down to rest, and as she did so, thought they might be vexed with her for coming so far alone; then she began to cry quietly to herself, as she still went on thinking of her many troubles. She started up and set off again, and then, when she looked round she found that, dazzled by her tears, she had missed the way. She had wandered round the little green murmuring pine-wood; and, bright as the morning had been, some swift clouds were gathering,

drifting, veiling the landscape, closing in softly on every side, and she could no longer remember where she was.

What had she done? Where was she? What was she to do? Poor Sylie stopped short, then looked round about her and began to run in utter despair, while the rain pattered on the trees overhead. Suppose she got wet, suppose she never found the way. She saw a little woodman's hut standing on the other side of a clearing: perhaps they would help her there, and direct her home. But when she reached the place she found that down below was a sliding depth leading straight to the foaming torrent. The path had been carried away; and Sylvia who was not sure-footed struggled on, expecting every moment to slide down the stubbly precipice. She got across somehow, she hardly knew how, and then hurried across a field to the little hut. It was only a carpenter's shop, empty, and full of shavings! A little grey cat darted along a beam when Sylvia entered; there was no one else. Then her heart began to beat anew. What was the good of having come? How should she ever get home? How should she ever cross that horrible precipice again? What would her mother say? What would Quince say if she tore her dress? They would tell her father. How angry he would be. After all her good resolutions, here she was alone, lost, miles away from home; she had run away from Quince. It was all too dreadful, thought Sylie, getting more and more frightened. If only Sophy were there, she would know what to do. "No wonder everybody loves her," thought poor Sylie; "it's only me that nobody cares for. I am sure I don't care for myself. She leant her head against the wooden wall as she sat upon the half-sawn log and cried more bitterly than ever. It was not only for to-day, but for all the past tiresome disappointing days that were over and to come. It was because it was raining; because she had lost her way; because she did so want to be good, and happy, and loved, like Sophy, that she was crying. Poor Sylie! it is not very often by tears that people attain to any of those good things.

While Sylvia was crying, had the sisters three relented and begun to spin two threads together that had hitherto crossed each other in devious direction? or had some planet passed into some new conjunction, and was the fate of all those who belonged to its rotation changed? Some people might say that Rickets had only come up from the baths for a morn-

ing walk, that he had breakfasted at St. Pierre, and walked by the torrent, and climbed up by a steep sort of ravine, where a winter avalanche had swept a path for summer tourists, and that being overtaken by the rain, he made straight for a little hut he saw standing conveniently near. The door was open—he walked in. . . . He recognized her in an instant. For what other reason had he come to St. Pierre than to do so? just to say "How do you do, Miss King. We met, I believe, at Mrs. Dormer's, my name is Ricketts." . . .

For what other reasons I cannot tell. "Miss King," he exclaimed, and stood expecting her answer, but Sylie, foolish child that she was, only started, and gave a little shriek. "Who's there," she cried, and then looked vaguely round all frightened as if to make a rush to the door. "Who are you," she said. Then seeing that he did not move, she sank down again helplessly, letting her hands fall in her lap.

"Don't you know me, Miss King?" Ricketts repeated again, "I am sorry to find you in such distress."

Sylvia began to recognize him, although she had never spoken to him before, and she looked up in his face. . . .

As she looked up he was quite taken aback by her extraordinary beauty. She was still sitting on one of the tressels, all the shavings were curling round about her feet; from the top of the beam the little grey cat was peeping down at the strange visitor; between the joints of the boards some green vines were thrusting their tendrils, and through the open doorway he could see a pastoral landscape beyond the shower, bounded by the dazzling mountain range, all glittering and sparkling in broad daylight. For a moment all this natural beauty seemed culminating in the beautiful face before him. How shall I explain his feeling! and yet it was a simple one enough—it was made up of admiration, sudden, unconcealed, of an immense pity for those poor young tears that seemed flowing so sadly.

Ricketts was, as I have said, a quick and romantic man. He would have been ready to sympathize with the ugliest of women if he had found her in trouble, how much more with this lovely innocent face with its helpless tender eyes that had haunted him all these days. The curious sweet shadow had come into them, some dilation of the pupil, some mysterious action of the brain upon the outward organ.

"I remember now," said Sylvia at last. "How did you know me? I didn't know you."

"I have been hoping ever since I first saw you," said Ricketts, gravely, "to meet you again, and to know you better, and that some day you might know me better and trust me too. You do not know of what importance your good will is to me," he said abruptly.

Sylvia shook her head. "Mine! It is no use to anybody. . . . Oh, I—I am very unhappy," she cried, bursting into fresh tears. Then she remembered that she had strangely forgotten herself, speaking in such a way to a stranger. What would he think of her? what had she been thinking of? what would Sophy say? Sylie felt desperate, and hid her face in her hands in shame for her very tears.

"What *can* I do for you," said Ricketts, in a tone of the kindest commiseration. I had been so hoping to see you again, I did not expect that I should find you in such distress as this."

"No, no. I am not in distress," Sylie repeated. "It doesn't matter; nobody cares; indeed they don't."

It was a curious dialogue between these two strangers, who in five minutes seemed to have become intimate friends, and yet Sylvia unconsciously had long been a friend of friends, chosen among all others by the acquaintance whom she had scarcely recognized as he entered the hut. How oddly he was speaking. How could he know all about everything. What did he mean?

"I know that you are not very happy," he was saying: "I guessed it that first evening I ever saw you. You say no one cares; if I dared," he cried, with a sudden impulse, and his voice faltered, "I would tell you that there is one person who would think it the crowning happiness of his life to devote himself to your service." His earnest gaze made her eyes fall beneath his.

She was used to compliments, she was used to scolding, poor child, and to her sister's good-humoured banter; but to serious kind words such as these she was all unaccustomed; they made her heart beat as she listened with averted face. She looked up at last to answer. There stood a strange little comical figure staring at her from behind the half-sawn log upon which he was leaning his elbows, his hat was pushed back, his nose was red, his face looked pale. He looked so grave, he spoke to her with so much deference and yet with so much authority, that Sylvia, from

some foolish recesses of her small mind, was struck by the absurdity of any one speaking to her so seriously, expecting *her* to understand, and she suddenly burst out laughing.

Rickets felt he deserved something more than this. He flushed up when she laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, quite angrily; so angrily that Sylie laughed no more, her eyes again filled with tears, and her beautiful little mouth quivered.

"I—I—beg your pardon," she faltered. "I never settle things—it's Sophy, and please don't be angry with me; please let me go home."

Her terror filled him with a great pang of pity for the lovely frightened child. Was *she* afraid of him—she, poor child, for whom and for whose sake he was pleading.

Rickets felt inclined to be merciful and let her go; and yet it was done and said. He had been rash, behaved preposterously. Rash as he had been, preposterous as it was, he wanted an answer. He felt his advantage in the very look of her blue eyes. If he lost this moment, it might never come again—there was no knowing what might happen.

"Listen," he said. He was now speaking plainly enough. "I know very well that I am a great deal too old and too ugly to hope to please a young lady at first sight; but, if you *could* get to think of me, I know I could love you so much that you would forget everything else." And he came forward from behind the door, and stood among the shavings looking at her as she shrank away into the very farthest corner of the little wooden hut. "Do you think," he went on, a little bitterly, "that love counts for nothing at all, and that my whole life, that I am ready to give to your service, is only something to laugh at? You say you are not happy. I think," he said, "I could make you happy. I know you would be my first, my one only love."

He spoke with a certain contained emotion, that utterly bewildered the girl. She did not dare to laugh—she did not want to laugh any more. She did not know what to say; she was touched, incredulous, bewildered. She gave him one frightened glance through her tears. He looked almost fierce so much was he in earnest.

The sun was all shining into the little hut. Some peasants in their Sunday best were trudging past the open door; their

wide umbrellas were open, for the rain was still falling through the sunshine, quick and soft, in gold showers that sparkled as they fell. The pretty green creepers shone through the bright halo—a dazzling picture in a rough framework of beams.

Seeing her move, Rickets put himself in the doorway. "You shall go," he said, "if you will but give me some sort of answer. Then he went on earnestly. "Indeed, it is not impossible that you will love me some day; and when people love each other, looks and age matter little. Nothing matters," said the little man, with a stamp of his foot upon the shavings.

"Don't you think so?" said Silvia, doubtfully, thinking of her own stupidity as she spoke.

"I see," said Tom, sadly, "that my proposal offends and grieves you. I will go, since you desire it, and leave you forever." There was a moment's silence, the two people stood waiting while their fate was being spun.

"But I have no umbrella," said Sylvia, looking about her.

Was she as silly as she appeared to be? Tom Rickets' face changed a little, and, with a faint smile, he said, "Mine is a large one, and you will be quite dry, if you will honour me by accepting its shelter."

Sylie came shyly forward from among her shavings, as sweet an apparition as ever stepped out of a woodman's hut. She tied the strings of her round white hat, and wrapped her little black cloak more closely round her slim shoulders. "Won't your dress get wet?" he asked; and Sylie obediently gathered up the long white folds; and so they proceeded for a few minutes in silence.

Rickets wondered whether it was to him, or only to his umbrella that Sylie had entrusted herself. He tried to look at her face again, but it was hanging down, and she never raised her eyes.

Tom Rickets walked silent, looking at the long slender hand holding the bunch of muslin folds. He knew that, as far as worldly advantages went, he was what is called a good match, and that it was unlikely her father should object to his mean appearance, with all the noble old elms of Dorlicote Manor to give him dignity. But he did not care to woo his lady through so fierce a mediator as the Colonel. He wanted her from herself to take him as he was, of her own free will, and not because it was another person's desire. From the first moment he had seen that sweet, child-



ish, troubled face, he had felt an irresistible longing to brighten, to shield that sweet young life. He loved her, loved her voice, her eyes, her simpleness, and unconsciousness of beauty. If she were but happy, and no longer afraid, she would be another being.

They had crossed the Devil's Bridge, and climbed the hill, and taking a short cut to the hotel, were crossing an open field, quite near home by this time. They neither of them spoke.

The sound of a luncheon-bell that reached them from above brought them back to every-day again. Sylie started; she turned white, then red.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said, very agitated. "I must run. Let me go. Mamma will be wondering."

"Listen," said Rickets, holding her back. "One word before you go. I am going away, Miss Sylvia. I am obliged to return to India for a year. Will you come with me? will you trust yourself to me?"

"Oh, no, no," said Sylvia, "unless — unless papa desired it."

"That is not what I want," said Rickets, angrily; "and yet" — and he held her fair passive hand, and sighed — "if not now, when I come back in a year, will you then consent of your own free will, consent to let me love you," he said, looking with all his kind heart in his little eyes. They seemed to grow quite big, to constrain her as he looked.

Sylvia stood trembling and wondering still. Suddenly she gave a horrified scream. "Look! look! papa," she cried.

Poor Sylie! There were the Colonel and Quince coming together towards them; they were not twenty paces off. "Oh, what is she not telling him!" cried poor distracted Sylvia. "Oh, he has come back. Oh, he will never forgive me!"

Rickets did not even turn his head. "My answer," he said; "my answer, dearest Sylvia," and he looked steadily into her face, and held her hand firmly in his.

"Oh, thank you; no — yes — anything — in a year," cried Sylvia, all agitated.

"And you will listen to no one else in the meantime," said the jealous little man. "You have promised, Sylvia."

"Have I? Oh, yes," said Sylvia, desperately escaping.

She was gone; a flash of white through the green. She had flown up the little side path that, fortunately, led straight to the inn.

Rickets met the Colonel very coldly. He felt too angry with him at the time to enter into any explanations. He had Syl-

via's promise, that was enough. "Are you looking for your daughter," he said very stiffly when they met. "She is just gone home. I was fortunate to meet her standing up from the rain, and to be able to lend her my umbrella."

"Foolish girl, she ran off from her maid," said the Colonel.

"It seems her maid neglected her duty, and refused to attend her," Rickets said, looking at Quince. "I heard some one speaking very insolently, though I did not know who it was at the time."

Quince nearly turned black in the face. "What do you mean by taking away a respectable woman's character?" she shrieked. "How dare you?"

Rickets turned away haughtily. Something in his manner seemed to say more than his words expressed, and the Colonel, who was a gentleman after all, looked round at Quince in high displeasure.

"What is this?" he said. "Go home. I will see you later."

"I must say good-by," said Rickets. "I called upon you at the inn, but they told me you were all at Chamonix. I am going back to India next week."

The Colonel said he was sorry to hear it. They had started to go to Chamonix, but the carriage broke down on the road, and they had been obliged to come home. He thought Ricket's manner very strange as they parted.

#### *A Page from Miss Williamson's Diary.*

St. PIERRE, August 2, 1871.

Down at our feet, in its cool green depths, the torrent foams, the pine-trees look green and shady along the opposite heights. Where the valley opens to the plain, a silver town is gleaming; for our little inn, with its galleries, is perched on the mountain side, mid-air between the summit of Mont Blanc and the sea.

Below on the terrace two Swiss ladies sit watching the hours, silent and peaceful, drinking in light with their hearts. On the lower gallery a widow from Marseilles, with her little boy in top-boots, is at work; she stitches away at her "tapisserie" all the morning with two feet on a chauffeurette and her back turned to Mont Blanc. She lives on the first-floor, where the Kings are also established.

H. and I are on the second gallery. The little inn of the Mont Blanc stands at the entrance of the village, with its two wooden galleries and a terrace edged with French beans. From the galleries we breathe the

fresh pine-wood air and watch the clouds drifting over the hill-tops, or floating along the mountain sides high above the silver valley where the river winds, and the little shining post-town lies heaped in the distance at the bend of the waters. I can see it all as I write, and the French lady's smartly frizzed head bending over her work, and beyond it two floating clouds hanging mid-air just above the fringe of pine.

St. Pierre lies a little on one side of the busy road that leads from Geneva to Chamonix. The diligences stop where three roads divide; one goes to Chamonix, one to the *Établissement* deep in the heart of the mountain, another climbs the hill upon the side of which the little village hangs. A little village with a shining leaden church-steeple, and a torrent and many pine-woods. There are Sophy's gables, of which she sent us so many sketches last year, and the wide wooden balconies overhanging the green precipice, there are the coloured flower-pots in the windows, flaming balsaams growing bright in the pure mountain air; and deep down below the torrent is rushing.

In these little mountain valleys of Savoy the streams go rushing over granite rocks and through the green lights and gloom of the rustling banks. Here and there a mountain ash burns above the spray, fir trees shed their cones, flowers lie upon the moss, strawberries spring up crimson and fragrant and scented with pine. On Sundays and Saints' days the church bells come jangling from the steeple overhead, and echo from rock to rock; we have to raise our voices if we are wandering by the torrent and would be heard above the din of the bells and the waters. Perhaps a peasant woman trudges past with heavy steps, and gravely looks at us from beneath her black frills, and greets us with a good day. We can see the village and the steeple where the pine trees divide, and higher still, the snowy line of dazzling crests silent upon the blue. But that is a region far away and out of reach. Down below the road travels on, and we along the road, through changing lights and scenes. The sense of these distant worlds, so near and yet so unattainable, seems to make the shade of the pine-trees more gentle, the horizons of the opal plains more distant, and more lovely. I think it is this mystery unrevealed, yet present to our minds, that makes each place so beautiful in these ice-bound regions, and that seems to strike the solemn chord of the unknown-to-come, with the actual moment that

pervades all highest beauty and emotion, and which, in some mysterious way, vibrates straight from our hearts to nature, from our life to the great life round about us.

Even in people's faces, who does not know the intangible difference between beauty with a future, and beauty that lies placid and undeniable, calmly spread out before one? I have seen the difference in the same face at different times. In a certain sweet vacant oval, for instance, as I saw it first at Lulworth Hall, and as I saw it again, the other day, sweetened, brightened, all alight, when we joined the Kings here at St. Pierre a week ago. My poor Sophy can not look what is in her at any time, in any place, in England or abroad; she can say it sometimes, paint it more or less prettily in water-colours, or play it on the piano. But Sylie, as they call her sister, the owner of the vacant face, can *look* now and then—not always—look so that you never forget the depth and lovely tenderness of her expression. How quickly a year passes! H. and I are so used to them by this time that we scarcely note them as they fly, carrying all their inextricable tangle of past memories along with them. It was not so when we were Sophy's age and Sylvia's. Then, each year was itself distinctly defined, full of moment, standing out among all others. It is only twelve months since we last saw Sylvia at Dorlicote. I scarcely recognized her when we met last week on the little terrace in front of the inn. She looks worn, perhaps, but in other ways she is wonderfully changed and improved. There is a look of repose, of intelligence, that I never remember. I took her out with me this morning; she came into the room neatly dressed and smiling; she actually led the way to a certain little bridge I once knew and wanted to see again. When I speak to her now, she answers coherently and to the purpose. She has an original view of things at times which is quite her own. She is not what you call a practical woman; but her speculative faculties are far more developed than when I last talked to her. There is a great change, too, in her father's manner. He is gentler, and seems proud of her beauty and brightness. Mrs. King tells me, in confidential whispers, of the many adorers who have come forward—an Italian prince at Geneva, a captain at Brighton last winter. There is a poor young Swiss painter at the table-d'hôte who stops on here day after day. He is evidently waiting his time. Every day the fat waiter

rings the bell at eleven and at five with a savoury tingle, and we all come into the bare little room, bowing politely, and taking our accustomed places. Experienced travellers bring leather pouches for their napkins. The large, straggling Swiss family piles its alpenstocks in the corner of the room (they fall with a loud crash during breakfast). Modest inscriptions, such as "Brè Vent, Chamonix," are curling round the handles. Here, at St. Pierre, Mont Joli is the crowning achievement, to be indelibly engraved upon the wooden pikes. Mont Joli, with its little hump and its beautiful view—for the spirited little mountain has thrust itself into a good position for a sight of the mighty ones of the earth.

We are a quiet little company. Sylvia is our one star as we sit along the table. People who come to the village bring neither dazzling toilettes nor great expectations; bachelors are rare in these quiet little *pensions*—old maids, quiet middle-aged people, large and noisy families frequent them.

In the middle of the table there is a basket of flowers—alpen-roses when they are in season; sometimes the waiter varies the natural flowers with paper ones. A little trap-door in a cupboard opens into the kitchen, from whence come the dishes hot and smoking and liberally dispensed. We fare very well at the Hôtel du Mont Blanc. Our cook told us yesterday with pride that he had once prepared a dinner for Baron Rothschild. He is here, like ourselves, for change of air and to take the waters. Out of compliment to our nationality, he prepared an enormous plum-pudding on Sunday, at which poor H. gazed in horror.

Last night, when the sun set, a great writhing serpent-cloud came from behind the snowy Breja, and hung mid air, while the evening lights poured gold and colour upon all the rocks and the valleys and mountain-tops. Then a clear crescent moon dawned high overhead, and soon began to shine silver and crystal among waning daylight. The line of jagged rocks that enclose the valley to the west was softened to purple mist against a faint west. The snow mountains reflected the dying rays of the sun we could no longer see; the stream rushed through the twilight; the crickets whistled loudly in the shadows. Sylvia was sitting at the far end of the gallery, where a lamp was swinging, and where we were all assembled. She had been sitting very silent, with her head upon her hand. When she

spoke, the Colonel, who was reading his paper by the light of the oil lamp, looked up, and asked what she was saying.

"I only asked if to-morrow was the third, papa," said Sylie.

"It may be the thirty-third for all I know," said Sophy. "Doesn't one lose count of time here, Miss Williamson?"

"It is a coin that goes very quick," said I; "and counting it over doesn't make it last any longer, I am sorry to say."

"Longer!" said Sylie. "I think time is so very long."

All night the bank of vaporous clouds spread and spread. While we were lying sleeping in our little wooden rooms, sudden chills awoke us—sudden storms of rain falling, or far-away echoes of thunder playing organ-notes among the hills. I lay in the dark listening, while the lightning flashed, beating time to the tune among the hills, lighting up my little room, my workbox: my black gown that looked like a nun as it hung in the corner. The storm was at its height when a bell rang, and a knocking began at the front door. I heard voices in the room next mine; a door opened above, another below; footsteps went along the passage; for some minutes the whole house seemed awake, then all was suddenly silent again, except for the storm.

This morning all the blue cotton umbrellas were out in the village street until the sun came out about nine o'clock, and then I saw Sylie in her white hat pass the window, walking slowly up the street with a letter in her hand. Isidore had been to the post for the early letters. About ten o'clock I heard Colonel King calling, "Sylvia! Sylvia!" and Sophy looked into the saloon to see if her sister was there. Sophy seemed flushed, excited, and very important.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing wrong," said Sophy, "only we can't find Silvia; she has run off as usual, and papa has had such a strange letter from Mr. Ricketts. Where *can* she be?" And she hurried away.

Where was Sylvia? She was walking along by the pretty green wood where she had lost her way the year before. She, too, had had a letter, which she did not dare open, although she guessed from whom it came. All this year she had tried not to think of that strange eventful day when Ricketts' sudden apparition had so moved her. It had all been so vague, so like a dream. It was a joke, she sometimes thought; he had been laughing at her, and she—she had been forward, un-

maidenly. She could not bear to think of it all. It made her feel too ashamed. Even to Sophy poor Sylvia had never summoned up courage to confess the whole of that morning's history. Only when other people came, the Count, the Captain, some instinct made her shrink from their advances. No one spoke as he had done. They proposed to the Colonel, they proposed to her mother, but their words did not touch her heart when repeated. She did not love Rickets — how could she love so ugly a little man? — but she liked to think of his love for her. It gave her courage, when she was frightened, to remember that one person did not despise her.

She no longer feared her father's impatience as she had once done, she respected herself more, little by little new understandings and gifts had come to her. All this time she pondered on it all, and then she told herself it was a dream! It was a consoling dream, and one which helped her in many waking hours. And now had he written! It was no fancy. Here was a letter directed to her in a bold handwriting that she knew, though she had never seen it before. She did not dare open it. She would take it, she thought, to the carpenter's hut; perhaps there she might be able to find courage to read what he had said.

When Sylvia reached the hut, she found a great hammering and sawing going on, and shavings flying, and a carpenter and a carpenter's boy shouting to one another, and a dog barking. It was impossible to remain there or to think of reading her letter; and, somewhat disappointed, she passed on, following the little winding path that leads to the *Établissement*, by a leisurely down-hill zig-zag. Sylvia followed the road quietly; she knew her way by this time and was in no fear of losing it. But at a turn of the road, passing among the shady green avenues, she stopped surprised by sudden loud voices and clatterings at her feet, by fragrant steams of cooking rising from below and coming from behind a thick clump of pine-trees.

Sylvia advanced a few steps further, and she found she had come to a place that looked straight down from a height into the back court of the *Établissement*, where the kitchens are built. The fires were burning; the cooks were running backwards and forwards and calling to one another; constellations of saucepans were gleaming through the open doors and windows; a little cook-boy was climbing up

the steep mountain side, gathering mint and wild laurel to flavor his dishes; a woman was whisking salad in a wire basket; a poor little *chamois* was hanging up by its heels; the chief, in his white robes, was directing, beating time with a long wooden spoon to the concert. The earth seemed to have opened suddenly, and all these people to have sprung into existence. While Sylvia stood staring, surprised, old Christine's donkey, with some traveller's luggage on its back, came toiling up the steep path, followed by the old woman, who carried a great branch of pine, to brush the flies off the donkey's back, and who smiled a greeting to the pretty lady in the white hat and blue tippet.

"What is going on?" asked Sylvia.

"They are cooking the breakfast for the diligence," said old Christine. "It has just come in," and she pointed to the luggage. "L'Anglais has come," she said, nodding slyly. "Eh, who knows — it is, perhaps, a wedding feast that they are preparing? I have good eyes, though I am so old and laborious. I saw you last year by the carpenter's hut. He gave me five francs when he went away. He is generous, and not so ugly as some," and Christine went on her way, nodding her trembling head and smiling still.

Poor Sylvia stood aghast. What had she heard? What was this? Was this the talk of these gossiping old women? It was unbearable. It was horrible! She put her hand over her eyes in a sort of dismay and despair. What was she to do? Where should she hide herself. She had but little time to hide or to collect her thoughts, for in another moment there stood the owner of the portmanteau, right in the path before her, looking browner, happier, all dressed in white linen, but otherwise unchanged. He stopped short, his whole face lightened.

"Is that you? Did you come? Did you indeed remember?" he cried.

"Mr. Rickets!" Sylvia faltered, and then began to blush deeper and deeper beneath her white hat. She would have turned and fled, as was her habit, but her strength failed, and she could not escape. "Why do you come," she cried. "Go, go," and she desperately wrung her hands.

He looked frightened, as well he might. "What does this mean," he asked anxiously. "Sylvia, have you forgotten everything, — your promise this day last year? I have travelled a thousand miles to find you and is this all?"

"You cannot call that a promise," Sylvie

cried, more and more agitated and beside herself. "Last year I was so young, so silly. This year I am older and wiser. You know it was no real promise!"

Rickets turned very pale. "Of course not if you wish it broken. Of course you are free," said he in a low voice. "Last night, when I walked up through the storm, and heard you were come, I thought—I hoped. Now, I understand," he said; and turned paler and paler. "I was a fool to think that one woman beyond all women might value something more than outward looks. Yes, you are right to send me away,—to say, 'Go, you ugly misshapen wretch. How dare you think of love? You monster, it is your doom to be despised—it is your fate. How dare you complain?'"

"Oh!" said Sylvia, greatly shocked, "It is not *that*, indeed it is not *that*."

As she spoke she looked at him, steadfastly and pitifully; and as she looked the light came into his face again; for a moment he had been overwhelmed; his strength and courage came back.

"Sylvia," he said passionately, "you are too wise to trifle with such love as mine. I have at least taught you that. Don't keep me in suspense. . . . No, that was no promise—but will you promise now. . . .?" Then, with an odd half-smile he said: "If you could love me enough, you would not think me so very ugly."

"But I don't," faltered Sylvia, and while she was speaking still she saw a bright transfigured face before her, and kind eyes full of love and protection looking into hers. . . .

Suddenly, she knew not how, she had surrendered. There are times when time is nothing, when feeling outruns time and seasons as they flow, as people need but an instant to live or to die; as the first beam of light reveals the hidden treasures of the secret chamber; suddenly the light had shone into Sylvia's kind heart and shewn her the treasures hidden there, and told her that she returned the love that had been hers from the first.

They went home to breakfast and to tell their news; but the Colonel had read Rickets' formal letter of proposal for his daughter's hand, and was not anxious because Sylvia delayed.

Rickets told his betrothed he had walked over from Geneva the night before. It was he who arrived in the storm. He could not wait, he said, for the diligence in the morning. The diligence brought his portmanteau, which he had been down to fetch, for he would not present himself

in his travel-stained garments. He had written her a letter from Geneva. She held it still in her hand, but she had no need to read it now, and indeed she keeps it still unopened and treasured away.

It was like their last walk, only infinitely—a whole year and a whole future lifetime—happier.

Once when a shower fell they stood up under a tree. How fresh it was beneath its shelter! The plums hung upon the branches; the scent came fresh through the golden rain; the wheat-fields lay yellow on the mountain-side; the potato-fields close at hand were in flower; the chalets of the village stood dotted here and there among the comfortable hayricks and bean-fields. Here came a patch of flax; farther off some bright green crop was sliding to the valley. The little Noah's-ark-like men and women were at work here and there upon the hills; the distant sounds of the flail reached their ears. It was a saint's-day; but winds and clouds know no saint-days, nor does Nature herself, except days such as this, when human hearts dream of the divine in life.

Sylvie stood under the plum-tree, admiring, as Tom bade her. Everything seemed illuminated—his kind face, her waving hair, her white dress, every blade of grass, every insect as it floated by, the plums, the tangle of branches and leaves overhead.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### NOTES ON EAST GREENLAND.

By A. PANSCH, M.D., OF THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1859-70.

[The following paper derives additional interest from being the substance of one of an official series of lectures delivered shortly after the return of the second German Arctic Expedition, by the officers of the two ships, and the scientific gentlemen who accompanied them. Although this occurred at a time when the eyes of Europe were turned in anxious suspense on the mighty events which were happening in her midst, so much attention has already been drawn in this country to the brilliant discoveries of Koldewey, and the thrilling adventures of Hegemann and his brave companions, who, when forced to abandon their ill-fated *Hansa*, made in safety a voyage of 200 days and 1,000 miles on a continually diminishing ice-raft, that it is almost unnecessary to enter into any details with re-



gard to the circumstances which brought under Dr. Pansch's notice the remarkable phenomena described below. Suffice it to say that the writer was the naturalist attached to the steamer *Germania*, which left Bremerhafen in the summer of 1869, and succeeded in reaching the Pendulum Islands on the east coast of Greenland in the early autumn; that numerous meteorological, tidal, and magnetic observations of considerable importance were made during the winter; and that the valuable additions contributed by sledge excursions to our knowledge of the coast line as far north as lat.  $77^{\circ}$  were crowned, when the ice broke up, by the discovery, between Cape Franklin and Cape Parry, in lat.  $73^{\circ} 12'$ , of a stupendous fiord, branching far into the interior, and combining with lofty mountain-ranges and majestic glaciers to produce scenery of well-nigh unrivalled magnificence. For full information as to the gains accruing to Science from this Expedition, the reader must be referred to the reports which will, we understand, be shortly published *in extenso* in Germany.]

PEOPLE have hitherto been too ready to conclude that the Arctic regions are buried, even through the summer, beneath a covering of snow, and to picture to themselves a steep, bare crag, or peak, towering here and there above this eternal whiteness; or, perhaps, in the height of summer, a few isolated spots free from snow, and affording space for the growth of a scanty vegetation called forth by specially favourable circumstances.

This idea, however exaggerated in many minds, is partially justified by the experience of travellers in some Arctic districts. As these countries are situated in a high latitude, constantly shrouded in mists, and only favoured by rare and feeble sunshine, there is not sufficient warmth to melt the mass of a winter's snow, often increased as it is during summer by renewed falls, more especially as the thawing coast-ice renders latent so great an amount of heat.

We, too, reached the coast of East Greenland under the same impression—the more so, as a stream of ice, and with it one of cold water, flows continually along the coast. But what did we find? A country in the main *completely free* from snow, and that not only in the height of summer, but during three whole months. It will of course be understood that accumulations of frozen snow and ice must always remain on the slopes and in the ravines. And if it is asked, how the

ground could possibly be bare so early as June, and continue so for such a length of time, our sojourn there has furnished us with an explanation as interesting as it is satisfactory. Nearly all the snow in that region falls during violent storms, and these have almost always one and the same direction, viz. towards the north. On this account the snow does not cover the ground evenly, but is, for the most part, collected in drifts of various sizes, according to the local formation of the ground. In the same manner, even what falls in a still atmosphere is tossed up and scattered by subsequent winds, so that in every gale we suffered from a heavy drifting of the snow; and how thoroughly the wind sweeps the ground may be concluded from the fact that a considerable amount of earth, sand, and stones is carried with the snow through the air to such a distance, that after one of these storms the ice becomes of a dirty brown colour, for miles around. In this way, the otherwise singular fact is explained, that we really only *once* saw a totally white landscape (it was at the end of June), and even this completely disappeared in the course of a few days. Indeed, there are many places, such as steep declivities and open plains, which remain free from snow nearly all the winter; the rest of the country is covered by snow from one to three inches thick; and drifts on every scale from the largest to the smallest are found scattered in every direction. As the snow melts from our roofs in the spring, and they become heated by the sun long before the temperature of the air is correspondingly raised, so it is in that mountainous country in a still higher degree. Favoured by the generally clear and dry air, the snow disappears as early as April; after which, with the interruption of an occasional snow-fall, the dark rocky soil proceeds, in a most surprising manner, to absorb the heat that incessantly streams from the now unsetting sun. While the temperature of the air had, till the end of May, been continually below the freezing-point, the ground at the same time, at a depth of a few centimetres, had already risen several degrees above it. In our latitudes the ground cools down every night, and stones become perceptibly cold even at midsummer, so that the moisture of the air falls upon them as dew; in these parts of the Arctic regions there is only a trifling nocturnal cooling in the height of summer; dew is almost as unknown to the Esquimaux as snow to the inhabitants of the tropics. In the course of the summer,

the heating of the ground is, indeed, somewhat moderated, as the sun is often hid by mists and clouds; but, to make up for this, the radiation from the ground is checked also. It thaws, according to circumstances, to a depth of from 12 to 18 inches, and possesses a temperature very well adapted to stimulate energetically the growth of the roots of existing plants. A considerable degree of warmth, too, must, even in a cold atmosphere, reach the parts of plants above the surface, as well from the heat radiated by the ground as from the sun, which never sets, but shines in turn on every side. The heating of the ground is so considerable, that by day the ascending warm currents keep the air everywhere in tremulous, undulating motion, so that it is necessary to make all exact trigonometrical measurements by night; and at times the eye discerns even the summits of the highest mountains only in distorted images. This mass of warm ascending air naturally follows the slope of the mountains to their highest points, and instead of becoming cooled here, is further heated by the purer rays of the sun, which fall both more continuously and more directly. And since, moreover, the summits of the mountains rise above the densest fogs that shroud the land, it is readily understood that, if other circumstances be favourable, vegetation may exist to quite the same extent on the mountains (I speak only of those observed, from 1,000 to 3,000 feet in height), as in the plain, and that there is here really no line of highest vegetation. On the summits of the lower mountains we found the saxifrage, silene, dryas, and other plants, often in finer development than on the plain; and is it not a wonderful fact that, on a peak 7,000 feet high, in addition to beautiful lichens, moss several inches long is found growing in thick cushions!

There is a complete contrast between the whole method and operation of the Arctic summer, as well as of every single summer's day, and that with which we are familiar in the frozen regions of the Alps. In the latter there is a daily alternation between cold and heat, darkness and light, winter and summer; and on both sides the change is rapid and sudden, the several forces operating quickly, energetically, and with immediate result. In the north there is properly no cycle of twenty-four hours; the day is not divided into light and darkness, heat and cold, but each of these opposite conditions holds its sway during a whole season; they do not advance with consciousness of victory and

rapid results, but their lack of power is amply compensated by the exhaustive use of all existing advantages. Thus it is that the summer heat of East Greenland, though beginning slowly, yet steadily continuing, increasing and sometimes even becoming intense, renders it possible, during the short time in which the ground remains unfrozen, for a rich and vigorous vegetation to be developed. Thus it is that some plants send long tap-roots deep into the soil; that they all ripen their seed; that some attain the height of many inches above ground; that the leaves are large and vigorous, and the colours of the blossoms bright and beautiful.

Here, too, the other essential condition of all vegetation, *moisture*, makes its appearance in quite an unusual manner. Most people imagine all the Arctic regions wrapped, during the summer, in perpetual mist, not unfrequently varied by snow and rain. During the summer of East Greenland there is scarcely any precipitation of moisture from the air, but plants live almost entirely on that which they derive from the ground. It is not, of course, the rich and luxuriant cushions of moss, which grow on the banks of the merrily-rippling stream, that one must expect to find here; these are seen but rarely. But we find large tracts uniformly watered and saturated with moisture from the melting of a slope of snow; for since the lower stratum of the ground is frozen, the water cannot penetrate it and run off below, but percolates down the whole slope through the uppermost stratum to the shore. To pass such places, which are often miles in breadth, is one of the severest labours of spring and summer travelling, as one often sinks knee-deep in loamy mud. A multitude of plants, however, rejoice in this soil, so that we find them flourishing on these wet tracts in great profusion. On the other hand, where there are real riverbeds, the banks are generally barren; for, when the thaw commences, the water rushes along with such tremendous force as to carry down quantities of earth, plants, and stones.

It will be supposed that there must also be many places of greater elevation, which, not being within the reach of melting snow, must therefore be almost entirely devoid of moisture, and unable, through the great dryness of the air, to support the least vegetation. There are certainly many such places; but absolute sterility is exceedingly rare. We saw few spots where we did not meet, every two or three yards, with at least a few blades of grass,

a tiny patch of willow, or a little tuft of silene or lychnis. The appearance which these present is, to be sure, dismal enough. Scarcely, even in early spring, can we speak of green shoots; the grass puts forth a dry and stunted blade and ear; in a short time the three or four little leaves which every stalk of herb or shrub develops, become of a pale brown colour, like those of the previous year, which never fall; the tufts produce their occasional short-stalked blossoms, and their summer is passed. Is it not marvellous that just as the Arctic traveller, during his wanderings, suffers from nothing more than from thirst, so we find vegetation here reduced to a minimum, not by cold and wet but by drought and parching heat? It is these circumstances, too, which impede the growth of lichens and moss to such an extent that, even in this "kingdom of mosses and lichens," we had often to search for a long time before finding a locality answering in any degree to this description; and though many reindeer are found, the reindeer-moss is one of the rarest plants. I cannot, in these few words, draw anything like a complete picture of the vegetation of the Pendulum Islands, as many and various additional details would have to be taken into account.

But the mainland, exposed as it is to a more intense heat, produces a vegetation of considerably higher character. There, not only at the foot of the mountains, but also to a height of more than 1,000 feet up their slopes, are seen large tracts of uninterrupted green, affording pasture for herds of reindeer and cattle. In many places may be found the most beautiful close grass, which, as with us, is decked with the yellow flowers of the dandelion; the blades, adorned with clusters of ears, reach the height of from one to two feet; the bilberry grows side by side with the andromeda, and covers large tracts of ground, as on our own moory heaths. In the damp clefts of the rocks flourish the most delicate ferns, and the acid leaves of the sorrel grow to an unusual size; on the sunny slopes the dark blue campanula nods on its long stem, and we are attracted by the tender evergreen *pyrola* with its marble-white flowers. Among the rounded pebbles of the streams and sea shore the *epilobium* unfolds its large blossoms, which, with their magnificently bright red colour entice from afar even the most indifferent. Among the bare rocks the curious *polemonium* has settled in great profusion, and out of the feathery circle of odoriferous leaves rise the thick clusters of its large,

bright, light-blue flowers. Clothed as they are in such a very familiar dress, these plants seem like strangers in their Arctic surroundings. And that peculiar colour of the mountain slope is produced, as we find to our astonishment, by very small but vigorous dwarf-birch, which, although it grows but little every year, seems to thrive very well, as it has ripened both blossoms and fruit. Close by stand bilberry-bushes, bearing ripe and peculiarly sweet fruit, which is plucked and enjoyed with child-like pleasure; and, lastly, the botanist is enraptured at the discovery of some beautiful Alpine roses, which have, alas! already shed their blossoms. This rhododendron brings him back at once to the Alps; he even hears, in imagination, the tinkling of the cow-bells and the herdsman's call.

Thus, then, is it possible for the vegetable world in East Greenland to expand into unwonted beauty and to ripen its annual blossoms and fruit: in winter receiving from the snow its needful protection against the cruel frost, and in the short summer subjected to the influence of a strong and constant light, and of a heat proceeding both from above and below.

In the midst of such luxuriant vegetable life, we were prepared for the presence of many herbivorous animals, and particularly of the reindeer and snow-white Arctic hare, which inhabit all parts of the icy north. On the rich and extensive pastures of the mainland we found large herds of the splendid reindeer, undisturbed and unaffrighted by bloodthirsty man. But there was another gregarious animal, quite as important and interesting, which we met there, and whose discovery in East Greenland was, curiously enough, reserved for our expedition. It was the Arctic ox, known as the "musk-ox" by the Franklin expeditions, with its low stature, long dark hair and heavy horns, immensely thick at the roots. Here, too, this strange animal lives in herds, gains access to its food in winter by scraping from it the thin covering of snow, and affords, as well as the reindeer and hare, an excellent and wholesome food for man. Lesser animals, also, live on plants; the little gray lemming digs for the smaller roots; and among the birds we saw geese feeding on the meadows, and the pretty ptarmigan eating the young shoots of the willows. But here, also, as throughout the realms of nature, these animals have their peculiar enemies. The ermine, which lives among the stones, and the ever-prowling fox, are ready to pounce upon them on

land, as the owl and falcon to swoop down on them from the air. Nevertheless, the snow-bunting chirps and sings its joyous song in the bitter cold of early spring, the plover (*charadrius*) and sandpiper cry in the hollows of the shore, as they way-lay the little larvæ, gnats and flies which also spend an unobtrusive existence there.

A plentiful source of nourishment for birds and mammiferous animals is afforded by the sea. In the beds of seaweed on the flat beach, and in the forests of gigantic *Laminaria*, reside millions of the small species of crustacea which, favoured by the equable temperature of the water, that never varies from year to year, attain an unusual size; bivalves and snails live among the rocks and at the bottom of the sea; they are partly the same as in the Baltic, but are generally of a stronger build. And these crustacea, along with other small fishes, serve for nutriment to hosts of water birds, such as eider-ducks, gulls, divers, terns and others. These birds, which build their nests on the high cliffs, wheel restless and screeching day and night through the air, or splash about in the calm water. They, too, have to defend their young from the birds of prey just mentioned, to whose number we may also add the glaucous-gull, and, above all, the black raven. But, however acceptable to the European explorer the flesh and the eggs, the fur and the feathers of these quadrupeds and birds may be, their value to the natives is insignificant compared with that of the walrus and seal. These are the most important animals on all ice-bound coasts, on whose existence and use the whole life of the Esquimaux there depends. Even they do not enjoy their spoil unmolested; that mightiest beast of prey, the polar bear, lays equal claim with them on seals, walruses, and reindeer; and between the strength and cunning of the beast, and the intelligence and perseverance of man, is maintained the most wonderful conflict and rivalry.

#### *On the Inhabitants of East Greenland.*

As to the population of East Greenland, we met no living human being on the whole stretch of coast over which we travelled. The settlement in which Clavering found twelve men in 1823, must, to all appearance, have been deserted at least twenty years ago. However, all remaining traces of it, especially winter and summer dwellings, as well as graves, were carefully searched, and any utensils and weapons that we found were brought home.

Real "winter huts," that is, the stationary winter dwellings of the natives, were found in seven places, to the number of sixteen, the most northerly on Hochstetter's Promontory, the most southerly on Cape Franklin. They are nearly always situated not far from the shore on the south side of those capes which point towards the south-east, and are built in groups of two, three, or sometimes four. Half worked into the ground, the walls are built of suitable and, in the inside, exceedingly smooth stones, pretty regularly set, and as far as they rise above ground, strengthened outside by mounds of earth and stones laid against them. The surface of the walls is only interrupted inside by a few small niches, which are generally found in the corners, especially in the front ones. The floor is partially paved with flat stones, particularly in the corners, which probably served as fireplaces.

The average length of the interior of these huts is, according to several exact measurements, 11 ft., and their breadth 9 ft. The height of the walls, which probably pretty nearly corresponds with the original height, is 3 1/2 ft. At the front end towards the south, or, which is the same thing, towards the water, there is an opening in the floor of 11-2 feet square; it descends to a like depth, and is the commencement of the only egress, a passage or tunnel which extends in a nearly horizontal direction, under the front wall to a length of from 6 to 12 feet. It is constructed of stone, and terminates in a rather wide opening, being itself of barely sufficient size to admit a man in a creeping position. This is moreover the only opening to the hut, for there is no sort of window in the roof. The roof is constructed, as we could clearly prove from some that had fallen down, of two or three wooden poles or laths placed lengthwise over the walls, on which flat stones are laid diagonally, and sometimes supported by more laths, the whole of which is covered and made tight with smaller stones, sods of grass and other things. The whole arrangement of the huts ensures the greatest possible maintenance of heat, as owing to the depth of the door no continual ventilation can be produced, but only the most necessary exchange of air. As to how many inhabitants such huts contained, we cannot, of course, be certain; if we computed them at six, it would be certainly within the mark. In the corners, especially the front ones, we sometimes found so-called "lamps" (*Kudluk*) of the most primitive form; a stone, with

a hollow, which was still, in some instances, thickly blackened; in others we found the remains of food, the fat, bones, and flesh of seals.

In digging through the rubbish of earth and stones, which covered the floor of the huts, in a layer of from six to twelve inches, we obtained several utensils, or fragments of them, as well as a number of pieces of wood, bone, &c., the waste of their work.

Of their summer dwellings also traces are everywhere found, viz. the so-called "tent-rings," that is, stones left there after being used in fastening the border of the tent. They are arranged in circles of from ten to twelve feet in diameter, with an opening turned towards the water, and generally divided into a front and back half by a diametrical row of stones. They are met with on nearly all parts of the coast, both close to the winter huts and also at a great distance from them. They were most numerous on Walrus Island and on Shannon Island (Cape Philip Brooke), where they not only lay close to one another, but so to speak, in several generations on the top of one another. As for the rest, we may also mention holes, lined and covered with stones, from 12 to 18 inches in diameter, which are found in the vicinity of the dwellings, either made in the ground or built against a larger stone or rock, and which represent roughly built store-rooms; they are found scattered in every direction, and may have served as places for the safe preservation of game. In the neighbourhood of the dwellings, especially of the huts, close and often luxuriant grass, intermingled with the various beautiful flowers, has sprung up from easily assignable causes. The bleached bones of seals, walruses, narwhals, and other animals, relics of former banquets, which are thickly strewn over this green grass, stand out clearly and characteristically.

The graves must also be mentioned. They are not dug in the ground, at least very seldom, but consist of a superstructure of stones over the corpse, which is placed in either a recumbent or a crouching position. The form of these is either oblong (4 1-2 ft. long, 2 1-4 ft. wide, 1 1-2 ft. high), or circular (3 1-2 ft. in diameter.) In the first case, the covering consists of flat long stones or short ones, which are supported by rods placed underneath; in the other case, the roof is arched all round. Any accidental gaps are carefully filled up with stones of all sizes down to the very smallest. In this manner the body can be

protected against foxes, but certainly not against hungry bears. The form of the graves seems to have no particular meaning, but to have been regulated by the form of the stones available, as flat stones are necessary for the covering of oblong graves. In the interior we generally found quite a heap of earth and willow leaves (blown in), from among which the bones were only partially, or sometimes not at all visible. The bodies must, of course, have decomposed very soon in the Greenland climate; even the bones were already partially decayed in the damp ground. The long graves lie lengthways towards the south; it could be seen from several that the head lay towards the north, and that therefore the dead were buried as if to face the south.

The graves were numerous and scattered, often at a great distance from the dwellings. Nearly all admitted of close investigation; and twelve skulls, as well as many single bones were brought back for subsequent and more thorough examination. Strange to say, weapons and utensils were very seldom found in the graves, although, as they were made of ivory, they would have been kept in good preservation. On the other hand, we discovered, in what was probably a child's grave, a human figure roughly carved out of wood; and in another grave, among rocks, we found the pieces of a finely carved wooden box of about 9 x 4 x 2 1-4 inches.

The things we discovered were made of wood, horn, bones, ivory (walrus and narwhal teeth), and stone.

Besides a pretty goblet, we found a cajak-rudder and several dagger hilts, handles, &c., manufactured of wood; also two figures of animals, roughly carved. A dog-sledge, which lay on the shore, nearly complete in all its parts, deserves special mention. It consists, as is well known to be the case in West Greenland, of two runners, very roughly made, about seven feet long, across which several boards are fastened with thongs, and at the end two sloping pieces fastened as a back. In place of our iron tires, the runners are covered underneath with strips of bone, ivory, or whalebone, fastened with wooden pegs.

All the wood there is drift-wood, which, however, is not very plentiful on those coasts, and whose origin (Siberia or America) and species (fir or larch) have still to be more exactly determined.

As to iron instruments, only one was discovered. It was a piece of iron an



inch long, fastened into a wooden handle. As the shaping of all the wooden articles indicates the use of stone instruments, it is very probable that this iron may have been a present from Clavering to the Esquimaux then living there.

We saw nothing made of flint, but several splinters of it, and one whole unbroken stone in the huts. It is to be remarked, that with this exception, we hardly found any flint. Some fine spear-points and knives were made of slate, parts of vessels constructed of a softer crystalline slate; most of the articles, however, were made of bone or tusk. In default of saws, these are divided into the desired shapes by boring holes close to one another in the intended planes of division, so that at last the parting may be effected by the appliance of some force. A smooth surface can then be obtained by scraping, grinding, and polishing. Of the mechanism of the boring, we could find no direct explanation.

According to our observations, the huts of the former inhabitants of East Greenland, between lats.  $73^{\circ}$  and  $76^{\circ}$ , may be estimated at about 16, and the population at about 100 persons. In the year 1823, it seems pretty certain that only two inhabited huts were in existence (observed to contain 12), and these must have been forsaken between 20 and 30 years ago. This circumstance, and the existence of traces of huts of considerably earlier date at the southern stations, together with the traditions prevalent among many branches of Esquimaux of an impending extinction, may perhaps best answer the question that has universally arisen about the dis-

appearance of those who once lived here. People are too ready to trace the cause to the climate becoming colder, and to the increase of the ice enclosing the coast, and generally cite as proof several facts which are partly false and partly falsely applied. But we all, in consequence of a whole series of reasons, which cannot here be more fully developed, are unable to agree with such a view. On the contrary, we have the well-known assertion, that there are periods of favourable and unfavourable years, i. e. winters, confirmed by our own sojourn, and by the state of the ice on the coast. And so the conjecture may not be false that, on account of some such particularly unfavorable years, and owing to hunger and cold, infirmity and mortality may have increased, that the few remaining inhabitants must have been driven by hunger to expose themselves to greater dangers and exertions, and that thus, perhaps, the last may have sought safety in a migration towards a more beautiful land, the existence of which they knew or suspected, farther south.

Among the observations and collections here made by us there is, perhaps, little really new, yet their significance may be quite peculiar, as these settlements in East Greenland have not for many centuries been in communication with those of other Esquimaux. The utmost exertions would have been necessary to hold any communications with the West, on account of the high mountainous interior, and with the south, owing to the east coast being eternally beset with ice. But time does not allow a further discussion of this point.

EXPERIMENTS WITH GUNPOWDER. — Experiments on gunpowder still claim the attention of artillerymen in foreign countries as well as in our own. The Prussians have recently made an attempt to manufacture pebble powder, without success. They complain of it as too *brisante*, and have fallen back upon prismatic. The Russians have finally adopted the latter powder, and are manufacturing it in large quantities at the Government mills of Okta. The Swedes, Danes and Dutch have only a limited number of heavy guns, for which they will probably introduce prismatic powder. On the other hand, the Italians, Turks, Egyptians, and French, will in all probability adopt some form of pebble. The Spaniards are particularly in want of a slow-burning explosive, their gunpowder, corresponding to our R. L. G., being extremely violent and "brutal" in its action. We understand that Spain has lately been supplied for experimental purposes with some English-made peb-

ble. The Americans were the originators of prismatic powder; but they seem to have altogether abandoned this form in favour of large-grained powder of a similar class to pebble. The chief disadvantages of prismatic powder are the labour it entails of building up each cartridge, and the want of uniformity in the hardness of the outer crust or skin of the prism. The latter is a manufacturing difficulty, mainly depending on the amount of moisture contained in the powder when it goes into the mould, and may seriously affect its behaviour in large charges. We have adopted, says the *Globe*, pebble powder provisionally, and our future experiments with this powder will probably bear on the questions of cheapening manufacture, giving regularity to the grain, and ascertaining what would be the effect of varying the chemical composition, particularly as regards the charcoal.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE MAID OF SKER.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## TWO POOR CHILDREN.

By this time I owe it to all the kind people who have felt some pity for our Bardie and her fortunes to put off no longer a few little things which I ought to tell them. In the first place, they must not think of me, but look upon me as nobody (treat me, in fact, as I treat myself), and never ask what I knew just now, and what I came to know afterwards. Only to trust me (as now they must) to act in all things honourably, and with no regard to self; and not only that, but with lofty feeling, and a sense of devotion towards the members of the weaker sex.

Captain Drake Bampfylde was the most unlucky of born mortals. To begin with, he was the younger son of that very fine Sir Philip, and feeling that he had far more wit and enterprise than his elder brother, while thankful to nature for these endowments, he needs must feel amiss with her for having mismanaged his time of birth. Now please to observe my form of words. I never said that he did so feel, I only say that he must have done so, unless she had made him beyond herself; which, from her love for us, she hardly ever tries to do. However, he might have put up with that mistake of the goddess that sits cross-legged,—I have heard of her, I can tell you, and a ship named after her; though to spell her name would be a travail to me, fatal perhaps at my time of life,—I mean to say, at any rate, that young Drake Bampfylde might have managed to get over the things against him, and to be a happy fellow, if he only had common luck. But Providence having gifted him with unusual advantages of body and mind, and so forth, seemed to think its duty done, and to leave him to the devil afterwards.

This is a bad way of beginning life, especially at too young an age to be up to its philosophy; and the only thing that can save such a man is a tremendous illness, or the downright love of a first-rate woman. Thence they recover confidence, or are brought into humility, and get a bit of faith again, as well as being looked after purely, and finding a value again to fight for, after abandoning their own. Not that Drake Bampfylde ever did slip into evil courses, so far as I could hear of him, or even give way to the sense of luck, and abandon that of duty. I am only saying

how things turn out, with nineteen men out of twenty. In spite of chances, he may have happened just to be the twentieth. I know for sure that he turned up well, though vexed with a tribulation. Evil times began upon him, when he was nothing but a boy. He fell into a pit of trouble through his education; and ever since from time to time new grief had overtaken him. A merrier little chap, or one more glad to make the best of things, could not be found; as was said to me by the cook, and also the parlour-maid. He would do things, when he came out among the servants, beautifully; and the maids used to kiss him so that his breath was taken away with pleasing them. And then he went to school, and all the maids, and boys, and men almost, came out to see the yellow coach, and throw an old shoe after him. This, however, did not help him, as was seriously hoped; and why? Because it went heel-foremost, from the stupidity of the caster. News came, in a little time, that there was mischief upward, and that Master Drake must be fetched home, to give any kind of content again. For he was at an ancient grammar-school in a town seven miles from Exeter, where everything was done truly well to keep the boys from fighting. Only the habit and tradition was that if they must fight, fight they should until one fell down, and could not come to the scratch again. And Drake had a boy of equal spirit with his own to contend against, not however of bone and muscle to support him thoroughly. But who could grieve, or feel it half so much as young Drake Bampfylde did, when the other boy, in three days' time, died from a buzzing upon his brain? He might have got into mischief now, even though he was of far higher family than the boy who had foundered instead of striking; but chiefly for the goodwill of the school, and by reason of the boy's father having plenty of children still to feed, and consenting to accept aid therein, that little matter came to be settled among them very pleasantly. Only the course of young Drake's life was changed thereby, as follows.

The plan of his family had been to let him get plenty of learning at school, and then go to Oxford Colleges and lay in more, if agreeable; and so grow into holy orders of the Church of England, well worth the while of any man who has a good connection. But now it was seen, without thinking twice, that all the disturbers and blasphemers of the Nonconformist tribe, now arising everywhere (as

in dirty Hezekiah, and that greasy Hepzibah, who dared to dream such wickedness concerning even me), every one of these rogues was sure to cast it up against a parson, in his most heavenly stroke of preaching, that he must hold his hand, for fear of killing the clerk beneath him. And so poor Drake was sent to sea; the place for all the scape-goats.

Here ill-fortune dogged him still, as its manner always is, after getting taste of us. He heeded his business so closely that he tumbled into the sea itself; and one of those brindle-bellied sharks took a mouthful out of him. Nevertheless he got over that, and fell into worse trouble. To wit, in a very noble fight between his *Britannic Majesty's* sloop of war "Hell-goblins" carrying twelve guns and two carronades (which came after my young time), and the French corvette "Heloise," of six-and-twenty heavy guns, he put himself so forward that they trained every gun upon him. Of course those fellows can never shoot anything under the height of the moon, because they never stop to think; nevertheless he contrived to take considerable disadvantage. By a random shot they carried off the whole of one side of his whiskers; and the hearing of the other ear fell off, though not involved in it. The doctors could not make it out: however, I could thoroughly, from long acquaintance with cannon-balls. Also he had marks of powder under his skin, that would never come out, being of a coarse-grained sort, and something like the bits of tea that float in rich folks' tea-cups. Happening, as he did by nature, to be a fine, florid, and handsome man, this powder vexed him dreadfully. Nevertheless the ladies said, loving powder of their own, that it made him look so much nicer.

That however, was quite a trifle, when compared to his next misfortune. Being gazetted to a ship, and the whole crew proud to sail under him, he left the Downs with the wind abaft, and all hands in high spirits. There was nothing those lads could not have done; and in less than twelve hours they could do nothing. A terrible gale from south-west arose; in spite of utmost seamanship they were caught in the callipers of the Varne, and not a score left to tell of it.

These were things to try a man, and prove the stuff inside him. However, he came out gallantly. For being set afloat again, after swimming all night and half a day, he brought into the Portland Roads a Crappo ship of twice his tonnage, and three times his gunnage; and now his

sailors were delighted, having hope of prize-money. That they never got, of course (which, no doubt, was all the better for their constitutions), but their knowledge of battle led them to embark again with him, having sense (as we always have) of luck, and a crooked love of a man whose bad luck seems to have taken the turn. And yet their judgment was quite amiss, and any turn taken was all for the worse. Captain Bampfylde did a thing, which even I, in my hotter days, would rather have avoided. He ran a thirty-two gun frigate under the chains of a sixty-four. He thought they must shoot over him, while he laid his muzzles to her water-line, and then carried her by boarding.

Nothing could have been finer than this idea of doing it, and with eight French ships out of nine, almost, he must have succeeded. But once more his luck came over, like a cloud, and darkened him. The Frenchmen had not only courage (which they have too much of), but also what is not their gift, with lucky people against them, self-command and steadiness. They closed their lower ports, and waited for the Englishmen to come up. They knew that the side of their ship fell in, like the thatch of a rick, from the lower ports, ten feet above the enemy. They had their nettings ready, and a lively sea was running.

It grieves as well as misbecomes me to describe the rest of it. The Englishmen swore with all their hearts at their ladders, the sea, and everything, and their captain was cast down between the two ships, and compelled to dive tremendously; in a word it came to this, that our people either were totally shot and drowned, or spent the next Sunday in prison at Brest.

Now here was a thing for a British captain, such as the possibility of it never could be dreamed of. To have lost one ship upon a French shoal, and the other to a Frenchman! Drake Bampfylde, but for inborn courage, must have hanged himself outright. And, as it was, he could not keep from unaccustomed melancholy. And, when he came home upon exchange, it was no less than his duty to abandon pleasure now, and cheerfulness, and comfort; only to consider how he might redeem his honour.

In the thick of this great trouble came another three times worse. I know not how I could have borne it, if it had been my case, stoutly as I fight against the public's rash opinions. For this Captain was believed, and with a deal of evidence, to

have committed slaughter upon his brother's children, and even to have buried them. He found it out of his power to prove that really he had not done it, nor had even entertained a wish that it might happen so. Everybody thought how much their dying must avail him; and though all had a good idea of his being upright, most of them felt that this was nothing, in such strong temptation. I have spoken of this before, and may be obliged again to speak of it; only I have rebutted always, and ever shall rebut, low ideas. Yet if truly he did kill them, was he to be blamed or praised, for giving them good burial? The testimony upon this point was no more than that of an unclad man, which must of course have been worthless; until they put him into a sack, and in that form received it. This fellow said that he was coming home towards his family, very late one Friday night; and that he knew that it was Friday night because of the songs along the road of the folk from Barnstaple market. He kept himself out of their way, because they had such a heap of clothes on; and being established upon the sands, for the purpose of washing his wife and children, who never had seen water before, and had therefore become visited, he made a short cut across the sands to the hole they had all helped to scoop out, in a stiff place where some roots grew. This was his home; and not a bad one for a seaside visit. At any rate he seemed to have been as happy there as any man with a family can experience; especially when all the members need continual friction.

This fine fellow was considering how he could get on at all with that necessary practice, if the magistrates should order all his frame to be covered up; and fearing much to lose all chance of any natural action—because there was a crusade threatened—he lay down in the moonlight, and had a thoroughly fine roll in the sand. Before he had worn out this delight, and while he stopped to enjoy it more, he heard a sound, not far away, of somebody digging rapidly. Or at any rate, if it was not digging, it was something like it. The weather was wonderfully hot, so that the rushes scarcely felt even cool to his breast and legs. In that utterly lonely place (for now the road was a mile behind him, and the sands without a track, and the stars almost at midnight), there came upon him sudden fright, impossible to reason with. He had nothing to be robbed of, neither had he enemy; as for soul, he never yet had heard of any such ownership. But an

unknown latitude of terror overpowered him. Nothing leads a man like fear; and this poor savage, though so naked, was a man of some sort.

Therefore, although he would far liefer have skulked off in the cranny shadows, leaving the moon to see to it, he could by no means find the power to withdraw himself like that. The sound came through the rushes, and between the moonlit hillocks so, that he was bound to follow it. Crouching through the darker seams, and setting down his toe-balls first, as naked feet alone can do, step by step he drew more near, though longing to be further off. And still he heard the heel-struck spade, and then a cast, and then the sullen sound of sand-sliding. Then he came to a hollow place, and feared to turn the corner.

Being by this time frightened more than any words can set before us, back he stroked his shaggy hair, and in a hat of rushes laid his poor wild face for gazing. And in the depth of the hollow where the moonlight scarcely marked itself, and there seemed a softer herbage than of dry junk-rushes, but the banks combed over so as to bury the whole three fathoms deep at their very first subsiding—a man was digging a small deep grave.

On the slope of the bank, and so as to do no mischief any longer, two little bodies lay put back; not flung anyhow; but laid, as if respect was shown to them. Each had a clean white night-gown on, and lay in decorous attitude, only side by side, and ready to go into the grave together. The man who was digging looked up at them, and sighed at so much necessity; and then fell to again, and seemed desirous to have done with it.

So was the naked man who watched him, fright by this time overcreeping even his very eyeballs. He blessed himself for his harmlessness, and ill-will to discipline, all the way home to his own sand-hill; and a hundredfold when he came to know (after the dregs of fright had cleared) that he had seen laid by for coolness, by this awful gravedigger, the cocked hat of a British Captain in the Royal Navy. This hat he had seen once before, and wondered much at the use of it, and obtained an explanation which he could not help remembering. And fitting this to his own ideas, he was as sure as sure could be, that Captain Bampfylde was the man who was burying the children.

Now when this story reached the ears of poor old Sir Philip, whether before or after his visit to our country matters not,

it may be supposed what his feelings were of sorrow and indignation. He sent for this savage, who seemed beyond the rest of his tribe in intelligence, as indeed was plainly shown by his coming to bathe his family, and in spite of all the difference of rank and manner between them, questions manifold he put, but never took his story. And then he sent to Exeter for a lawyer, thoroughly famous for turning any man inside out and putting what he pleased inside him. But even he was altogether puzzled by this man in the sack, wherein he now lived for decorum's sake, however raw it made him. And the honest fellow said that clothing tempted him so to forsake the truth, when he could not tell his own legs in it, that it sapped all principle.

That question is not for me to deal with, nor even a very much wiser man, except that my glimpses of foreign tribes have all been in favour of nudity. And the opposite practice is evidently against all the bent of our civilized women, who are perpetually rebelling, and more and more eager to open their hearts to their natural manifestation. For the heart of a woman is not like a man's, "desperately wicked;" and how can they prove this unless they show its usual style of working? Only the other day I saw——but back I must go to the heart of my tale. In a word, this fine male savage convinced every one he came into contact with (which after his bathing was permitted, if the other man bathed afterwards), that truly, surely, and with no mistake he must have seen something. What it was, became naturally quite another question; and upon this head no two people could be found of one opinion. But though it proved an important point, I will not dwell too long on it.

Captain-Drake's boat, to my firm belief, never came once up the river now; and I thought that my beautiful young lady seemed a little grieved at this. Every now and then she crossed, on her way to see old women, and even that old Mother Bang; and the French maid became a plague to me. She had laid herself out to obtain me, because of the softness with which I carried her; and her opposition to my quid naturally set her heart all the more upon me. I will not be false enough to say that I did not think of her sometimes, because she really did go on in a tantalizing manner. And we seemed to have between us something, when her lady's back was turned. However, she ought to have known that I never mean

anything by this; and if she chose to lie back like that, and put her red lips toppermost, the least thing she should have done was first to be up to our manners and customs.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## A FINE OLD GENTLEMAN.

WHEN I came to look round upon this state of things, and consider it, I made up my mind to tempt Providence, or rather perhaps the most opposite Power, by holding on where I was, in spite of the Parson, and all his devices. This was a stupid resolve, and one on which he had fully calculated. I was getting a little perhaps fond of Nanette, though not quite so much as she fancied; feeling unable to pin my faith to a thing she had whispered into my ear; to wit, that she would thrice soon inherit one three grand money, hunder thousand, more than one great strong man could lefft. I asked her to let me come and try; and she said it was possible to be. Having a thorough acquaintance with Crappos, and the small wretched particles of their money, I did not attach much importance to this; for I like our King's face, and they have not got it; and they seem to stamp their stuff anyhow. But in spite of all prejudice, it would be well to look a little into it; particularly as this girl (whether right or wrong in thousands) had a figure not to be denied, when you came home to her.

Nevertheless I am not the man to part with myself at random; and there was a good farmer's daughter now, solid, and two-and-thirty—which is my favourite ship to sail in, handy, strong, and with guns well up—this young woman crossed the ferry, at eightpence a-day, for my sake; and I thought of retaining a lawyer to find what might be her prospects. She was by no means bad to look at, when you got accustomed; and her nature very kind, and likely to see to Bunny's clothes; also she never contradicted; which is cotton-wool to one who ever has rheumatics. But I did not wish to pay six-and-eightpence, and then be compelled to lose eightpence a-day, in order to steer clear of her. So I ferried both her and Nanette alike, and let them encounter one another, and charged no difference in their weight.

Nothing better fits a man, for dealing with the womankind, than to be well up in fish. Now I found the benefit of that knowledge where I never looked for it; and I knew the stale from the fresh—though these come alike in the pickle of



matrimony—also (which is far more to the point) the soft roes from the hard roes. These you cannot change; but must persuade yourself to like whichever you happen to get of them. And that you find out afterwards.

While I was dwelling upon these trifles, and getting on well with my serious trade, working my ferry, and catching salmon so as to amaze the neighbourhood, also receiving my well-earned salary from the fair Mistress Isabel, and surprising the public-houses every night with my narratives—in a word, becoming the polar-star of both sides of the river—a thing befell me which was quite beyond all sense of reason.

Through wholesome fear of Parson Chowne, and knowledge of his fire-tricks, I kept the Rose of Devon in a berth of deep fresh water; where a bulk of sand backed up, and left a large calm pool of river. Here the dimpling water scarcely had the life to flow along—when the tide was well away; and scarcely brought a single bubble big enough to break upon us. According to the weather, so the colour of the water was. Only when you understood, it seemed to please you always.

One night I was not asleep, but getting very near it; setting in my mind adrift (as I felt the young tide flowing) thoughts, or dreams, or lighter visions than the lightest dream that flits, of, about, concerning, touching, anyhow regarding, or, in any lightest side-light, gleaming, who can tell, or glancing from the chequers of the day-work. Suddenly a great explosion blew me out of my berth, and filled the whole of the cuddy with blaze and smoke. I lay on the floor half-stunned, and with only sense enough for wondering. Then Providence enabled me, on the strength of the battles I had been through, to get on my elbow, and look around. Everything seemed quite odd and stupid for a little while to me. I neither knew where I was, nor what had happened or would happen me.

It may have been half an hour, or it may have been only half a minute, before I was all alive again, and able to see to the mischief. Then I found that a very rude thing had been done, and a most unclerical action, not to be lightly excused, and wholly undeserved on my part. A good-sized kettle of gunpowder had been cast into my cuddy, possibly as a warning to me; but, to say the least, a dangerous one. My wrath overcame all fear so much, that in spite of the risk of meeting others,

I rushed through the smoke and up the ladder, and seized my gun from its sling on the deck, and gazed (or rather I should say stared) in every direction around me. But whether from the darkness of the night, or the stinging and stunning turmoil in my eyes and upon my brain, I could not descry any moving shape, or any living creature. And this even added to my alarm, so that I got very little more sleep that night, I do assure you.

However, I kept my own counsel about it, even from my lady patroness, resolving to maintain a sharp look-out and act as behoved a gallant Cymro, thrown among a host of savages. To this intent, I took over the tiller, which was just about six feet long, and entirely useless now, and I put a bit of a bottom to it, so as to stand quite decently, and fixed a cross-tressel for shoulders, and then dressed it up so with my old fishing-suit and a cast-away hat to encourage my brains, that really, though the thing was so grave, I could not help laughing at myself; in the dusk it was so like me. When the labours of the day were over, and the gleam of the water deadened, I set up this other fine Davy Llewellyn on board the ketch, now here now there, sometimes leaning over the bulwarks in contemplation of the river (which was my favourite attitude, from my natural turn for reflection), sometimes idly at work with a rope, or anything or nothing, only so as to be seen from shore, and expose to the public his whereabouts. Meanwhile I crouched in a ditch hard by, and with both barrels loaded.

You will say this was an unchristian thing, especially as I suspected strongly that my besiegers wore naked backs, and would therefore receive my discharge in full. I will not argue that point, but tell you (in common fairness to myself, and to prevent any slur of the warm affection, long subsisting between all who have cared to listen to me and my free self) that whenever I hoped for a chance at those fellows, I drew the duck-shot from the first barrel, and put a light charge of snipe-shot in, which no man could object to. The second barrel was ready, in case that the worst should come to the worst, as we say.

Now it is a proof of my bad luck, and perhaps of my having done a thing below the high Welsh nature, that Providence never vouchsafed me a single shot at any one of them. The more trouble I took, the less they came; until I could scarcely crook my fingers through the rheumatics

they brought on me. Night after night, I said to myself, "If it only pleases the Lord to save me from the wiles of this anointed one, I vow to go back to my duty, and teach those other young chits of boys their work." For I had observed (though I would not tell it, except in a rheumatic twinge) that even Captain Bampfylde's men had lost the style of drawing oars through the water properly, and as I used to give the tune, five-and-twenty years ago.

It is needless to say, that after all the close actions I have conquered in, a canister of gunpowder was nothing to disturb me. But as they might do worse next time whether in joke or earnest, I made me a hutch of stout strong oak, also cut the bulk-head out, and freed myself into the hold at once, upon any unjust disturbance. Nigh me was my double gun heavily shotted at bedtime, and the spar which had knocked down Parson Chowne, and might have to do it again perhaps. And now I began to persuade myself into happy sleep again; for my nature is not vindictive.

One night I lay broad awake, perhaps from having shot a curlew, and eaten him, without an onion sewn inside while roasting, but he had been so hard to shoot that I was full of zeal to dine upon him, and had no onion handy. Whether it was so or not, I lay awake and thought about the strange things now come over me. To be earning money at a very noble rate indeed; to be winning the attentions of it may be ten young women (each of whom believed that never had I been in love before); and to be establishing a business which could scarcely fail of growing to a public-house with benches and glass windows looking down upon the river; and yet with all this prospect brewing, scarcely to have a moment's peace! What a lucky thing for Parson Chowne that I have no cold black blood in me! In this medley of vague thoughts (such as all men of large brain have, and even myself when the moon ordains it) a strong and good idea struck me, and one to be dwelled upon to-morrow; and if then approved, to be carried out immediately. This was no less than to beg an audience of Sir Philip Bampfylde himself, and tell him all that I ever had seen of Chowne and his devices, and place Sir Philip on his guard, and learn maybe a little of the many things that puzzled me. Of course I had thought of this before; but for several reasons had forborne to carry it any further. In the first place, it seemed such a coarse rude way of meeting plans

that should be met with equal stealth and subtlety, unless a man were prepared to own himself vanquished in intelligence. Again, it would have been very difficult to obtain a private interview without some stir concerning it. Moreover, I felt a delicacy with respect to my stewardship on behalf of those two children; for a stranger might not at a glance perceive that prudence and self-denial on my part, which the worrisome frivolousness of the fish had, for the time, frustrated. However, I now perceived that a gentleman of Sir Philip's lofty bearing could not with any grace of dignity allude to his own beneficence; and as for the second difficulty, I might hope for Miss Carey's good offices, while I could no longer think to encounter Chowne with his own weapons, since he had blown me out of bed.

Accordingly I persuaded my beautiful young lady, who had plenty of sense but not much craft, and was pleased with my straightforwardness, to lead me into Sir Philip's presence in a lonely part of the grounds near the river, to the westward and out of sight of the house; in a word, not far from the Braunton Burrows.

Here the river made a bend and came to the breast of an ancient orchard, rich with grass and thick with trees leafless now, but thickly bearded upon every twig with moss. This was of every form and fashion, and of every hue. I had never seen such a freaksome piece of work outside the tropics, although in Devonshire common enough, where the soil is moist and the climate damp. Some of these trees lay down on the ground, as if they were tired of standing, and some of them were in sitting postures, and some half leaning over; but all alive, in spite of that, and fruitful when it suited them. And everything being neglected now, from want of the Squire's attention, heaps of rosy and golden apples lay where they had been piled to sweat, but never led to the cider-press.

Perceiving no sign of Sir Philip about, and remembering how it was now beginning to draw on for Christmas-time, I felt myself welcome to one or two of these neglected apples; for it was much if nobody of the farmers' wives who crossed the ferry could afford me a goose for Christmas in my solitary hole. And even if all should fail disgracefully of their duty towards me, I had my eye on a nice young bird of more than the average plumpness, who neglected his parents' advice every day, and came for some favourite grass of his, which only grew just on the river's

verge, within thirty yards of my fusil. I would have shown low curiosity to ask if he owned an owner. From his independent manner I felt that he must be public property; and I meant to reduce him into possession right early in the morning of the Saint that was so incredulous. It is every man's duty to treat himself well at the time of the Holy Nativity; and having a knowledge of Devonshire geese, after two months on the stubbles, I could not do better than store in my boat one or two of these derelict apples.

Never do I see or taste an apple without thinking of poor Bardie. "Appledies," she always called them, and she was so fond of them, and her little white teeth made marks like a small-tooth comb in the flesh of them. I was thinking of her, and had scarcely embarked more than a bushel or so, for sauce, in a little snug locker of my own, when I had the pleasure of seeing the gentleman whom I had come all that way to see.

At my own desire, and through Miss Carey's faith in me, it had not been laid before Sir Philip that I was likely to meet him here; only she had told me when and where to come across him, so as not to be broken in upon. Now he came down the narrow winding walk, at the lower side of the orchard, a path overhanging a little brook which murmured under last summer's growth; and I gazed at him silently for a while, through the bushes that overhung my boat. He was dressed as when I had seen him last through my telescope, at the time we came up the river; that is to say, in black velvet, and with his long sword hanging beside him. A brave, and stately, and noble man, walking through a steady gloom of grief, and yet content to walk alone and never speak of it.

I leaped through the bush at the river's brink, and suddenly stood before him. He set his calm cold gaze upon me, without a shadow of surprise, as if to say, "You have no business in my private grounds; however, it is not worth speaking of." I made him a low bow with my hat off; and he moved his own, and was passing on.

"Will your Worship look at me," I said, "and see whether you remember me?" He seemed just a little surprised, and then with his inborn courtesy complied.

"I have seen you before, but I know not where. Sir, I often need pardon now for the weakness of my memory."

In a few short words I brought to his mind that evening visit to my cottage,

with Anthony Stew and the yellow carriage.

"To be sure, to be sure! I remember now," he said, with his grave and placid smile: "David Llewellyn! Both good old names, and the latter, I daresay, in your belief, both the older and the better one. I remember your hospitality, your patience, and your love of children. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, your Worship, nothing. I am here for your sake only; although if I wanted, I would ask you, having found you so good and kind."

"Whence did you get that expression, my friend? The common usage is 'kind and good'; I once knew a very little child—but I suppose it is the Welsh idiom."

"Your Worship, I can speak English thoroughly; better even than my own language; and all around us the scholarly people have more English than of Welsh. But to let your Worship know my cause to come so much upon you, is of things more to the purpose. I have found a bad man meaning mischief to your Worship."

"It cannot be so," he replied, withdrawing, as if I were taking a liberty; "no doubt but you mean me well, Llewellyn, and yourself believe it. But neither I, nor any one else of all my family, now so small, can have given reason for any ill-will towards us."

It was not for me to dare to speak, while the General was reflecting thus, as if in his own mind going through every small accident of his life; even the servants he might have discharged; or the land-forces ordered for punishment, whereof to my mind they lack more than they get, and grow their backs up in a manner beyond all perception of discipline.

For my part, I could not help thinking, as I watched him carefully, how low and black must be the nature of the heart that could rejoice in such a man's unhappiness. A man, who at threescore years and five, was compelled to rack his memory (even after being long in uncontrolled authority) to find a time when he might have given cause for private enmity! If I had only enjoyed such chances, I must have had at least a score of a rone enemies by this time. Being a little surprised, I looked again and again at his white eyebrows, while his eyes were on the ground; also at his lips and nostrils, which were highly dignified. And I saw, in my dry low way, one reason why he had never given offence. He was perhaps a little scant of humour and of quickness; which two things give

more offence to the outer world that has them not, than the longest course of rigid business carried on without them. I have seen a man who could not crack nuts fly into a fury with one who could. And these reflections made me even yet more anxious to serve him, so great, and calm, and simple-minded, and so patient was his face.

Nevertheless I did not desire, and would at the point of his sword have refused, a halfpenny, for the things of import which I now disclosed to him. He led me to an ancient bench, beneath a well-worn apple-tree; and sat thereon, and even signed for me to sit beside him. My knowledge of his rank would not permit me to do this; until I was compelled to argue. A gentleman more shaped and set inside his own opinions, it had never been my luck to have to deal with, now and then. There are men you cannot laugh at, though you get the best of them, unless your conscience works with such integrity as theirs does. And the sense of this, in some way unknown, may have now been over me. How I began it, or even showed my sense of manners, and of all the different rank between us, is beyond my knowledge now; and must have flowed from instinct then. Enough that I did lead Sir Philip to have thoughts, and to hearken me.

With a power not expected by myself at first beginning, while in doubt of throat and words, I contrived to set before him much that had befallen me. Though I never said a word that lay outside my knowledge, neither let a spark of heat find entrance to my mind at all, and would rather speak too little than be thought outrageous, there could be no doubt that my simple way of putting all I had to say moved this lofty man, as if he were one of the children at the well belonging to John the Baptist. I thought of all those pretty dears (as I beheld him listening), and the way they sat around me, and their style of moving toes at any great catastrophe; while they kept their hands and noses under very stiff control; also the universal sigh, when my story killed any one by any means unfit to die; and their pure contempt of the things they suck, the whole while they are swallowing. Sir Philip (to whom my thoughts meant no failure of respect, but feeling of simplicity), this fine old gentleman let me speak as one well accustomed to lengthiness. But I did my best to keep

a small helm, and yards on the creak for bracing.

"If I take you aright," he said, as I drew near the end of my story, "you have not a high opinion of that reverend gentleman, Stoyle Chowne."

"I look upon him, your Worship, as the blackest-hearted son of Belial ever sent into this world."

Sir Philip frowned, as behoved a man accustomed to authority, and only to have little words, half spoken out, before him. But at my time of life, no officer under an admiral on full pay could have any right to damp my power of expression. However, my respect was such for the presence of this noble man, that I rose and made a leg to him.

"I am sorry to say," he answered, bowing to my bow, as all gentlemen must do; "that this is not the first time I have heard unpleasant things about poor Stoyle. He is my godson, and has been almost as one of my own children. I never can believe that he would ever do me injury. If I thought it, I should have to think amiss of almost every one."

He turned away, as if already he had said more than he meant; and feeling how he treated me, as if of his own rank almost, I did not wonder at the tales of men who gave their lives to save him, in the bloody battle-time. Knowing the world as I do, I only sighed, and waited for him.

"You are very good," he said, without a tone of patronage, "to have thought to help me by delivering your opinions. A heavy trouble has fallen upon us, and the goodwill of the neighbourhood has many times astonished me. However, you must indulge no more in any such wild ideas. They all proceed from the evil one, and are his choicest device to lower the value of holy orders. The Reverend Stoyle Chowne descends from a very good old family, at any rate on his father's side; and he has his dignity to maintain, and his holy office to support him. On this head, I will hear no more."

The General shut his mouth and closed it, so that I could never dare to open mine again to him, concerning this one subject. And his manner stopped me so that I only made my duty. This he acknowledged in a manner which became both him and me; and then he passed through a little gate to his usual walk upon Braunton Burrows.

From The Athenæum.  
ROBERT CHAMBERS.\*

In the following passage is struck the key-note of this remarkable double biography:—

"Robert and I had a strange congenital malformation. We were sent into the world with six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. By the neighbors, as I understand, this was thought particularly lucky; but it proved anything but lucky for one of us. In my own case, the redundant members were easily removed, leaving scarcely a trace of their presence; but in the case of Robert, the result was very different. . . . This unfortunate circumstance, by producing a certain degree of lameness and difficulty in walking, no doubt exerted a permanent influence over my brother's habits and feelings. Indisposed to indulge in the boisterous exercise of other boys—studious, docile in temperament, and excelling in mental qualifications—he shot ahead of me in all matters of education. Though dissimilar in various ways, we, however, associated together from our earliest years. It almost seemed as if a difference of tastes and aptitudes produced a degree of mutual reliance and co-operation. With a more practical and exigent tone of mind than Robert, I might possibly have made a decent progress at school, had my teachers at all sympathized with me."

It was the practical, exigent character of the biographer, combined with his brother's studious, sympathetic, and genial temperament, that placed them both high on the scale of public opinion and of public usefulness. The incisive will which helped Mr. William Chambers to cut paths for them both through mountains of obstacles, evidently prompts him to lay bare every minute detail of their early privations; not for his own self-gratulation, but for the benefit of the youthful and humble amongst the beginners of active life. A man of undaunted practical genius! Men of sensitive and imaginative genius like Robert Chambers, and in a higher degree, Charles Dickens, shrunk from, rather than encouraged, such recollections. The former, in a published letter to Hugh Miller, observes: "I have sometimes thought of describing my bitter, painful youth to the world, as something in which it might read a lesson; but the retrospect is still too distressing—I screen it from the mental eye." Mr. William Chambers has, unflinchingly and unreservedly, performed the task, with the true and wise consciousness—abundantly implied, though never

actually expressed—that he is by no means humbling himself, and that he is ennobling the memory of his brother. Example so displayed by such men makes a deeper impression on their age than their precepts. It presents the practice of what they preached. It points the moral of painful, sturdy struggle; or, according to their mental and literary proclivities, not simply adorns, but tells the tale of intellectual effort.

The beginning chapters of this memoir consist of memoranda left by the deceased brother, and completed and illustrated by the survivor. They form a bright panorama of little pictures of scenery and character: here a touch by Robert, there a touch by William. Born, the former in 1802, the latter in 1800, they muster a crowd of old-world recollections, that take one straight back into a time which has passed into history.

"The place of our birth was Peebles," William writes, "an ancient royal burgh on the upper part of the Tweel, where our ancestors had dwelt from time immemorial—the tradition among them being, that they were descended from a personage inscribed as 'William de la Chaumbre, Bailif e Burgois de Peebles,' in the list of those who signed bonds of allegiance to Edward I., 1296."

They were substantial woolen manufacturers. The father, living in the dawn of the cotton age, wove muslins and employed sometimes as many as a hundred looms. Andrew Gemmells, the original of Sir Walter Scott's Edie Ochiltree, visited their grandfather's farm in his rounds as a Gaberlunzie-man. The known prototypes of Davie Gellatley, the Black Dwarf, Meg Dods, and Wandering Willie were familiar to the brothers in their childhood. Later in life they were acquainted with Mrs. McLhose, Burn's "Clarinda." Mungo Park was an intimate friend of their family, and they conversed with people who had seen Charles Stuart, who had fought at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and in Rodney's great action. The Seven Years' War brought to Peebles, Dutch, Danish, and Walloon prisoners, and the Napoleon wars crowded the place with Frenchmen. These running into debt and the substitution of machinery for the handloom ruined the father—a clever, convivial man, who played the flute and took things easily—and led to the emigration of the family to Edinburgh:—

"Crowded into the Fly, then the only engine of public conveyance to the Scottish capital, we crossed the Kingside-Edge, as a high ridge of

\* Memoir of Robert Chambers. With Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers. (W. & R. Chambers.)



land is called, on a bleak day in December, 1818 — my mother with an infant daughter on her knee, and a heart full of mingled hopes and fears of the future. It was a five hours' journey, of which one entire hour was spent at Venturefair to rest the horses. Here the party were hospitably entertained with warm kail by Jenny Wilson, who kept the small inn along with her brother William. So reinvigorated, we drove on in somewhat better spirits, entering Edinburgh by the Causewayside — my mother with but a few shillings in her pocket; there was not a halfpenny in mine."

In the midst of all this, odd glimpses of city life and character are made to peep out. There is a touching episode of the flute. The father, to whom it was a solace and delight in Peebles, resorted to it in Edinburgh to forget his woes; "but the favourite airs, such as 'Corn Rigs,' did not sound half so sweetly" as at Peebles, amidst town companionships and stone walls. The flute is heard, however, under happier auspices long after these "Dark Ages" had passed away.

The lessons the brothers had to learn now commenced in earnest. William was apprenticed to an Edinburgh bookseller. His father, having obtained a small appointment, removed the rest of his family to a neighbouring village, leaving behind the apprentice, then only fourteen years old, to lodge with an honest widow,

"A Peebles woman, who, with two grown-up sons, occupied the top story of a building in the West Port. My landlady had the reputation of being excessively parsimonious, but as her honesty was of importance to one in my position, and as she consented to let me have a bed, cook for me, and allow me to sit by her fireside — the fire, by the way, not being much to speak of — for the reasonable charge of eighteen-pence a week, I was thought to be lucky in finding her disposed to receive me within her establishment. To her dwelling, therefore, I repaired with my all, consisting of a few articles of clothing and two or three books, including a pocket Bible — the whole contained in a small blue-painted box, which I carried on my shoulder along the Grassmarket."

This part of the story is affecting; but is so firmly knit together that intelligible extracts cannot be detached from it. Robert joined his brother for a time to continue his school career, literally cultivating literature in their modest lodging on a little oatmeal, and reading Horace and Virgil in the shivering cold. His brother worked through his five years' apprenticeship, upon an income almost incredibly small. William narrates his brother's start in life thus: —

"At this dismal period, when, as he [Robert] says, he was 'at the bottom of the wheel,' I saw him only on Sundays, and it was on such occasions alone that we had an opportunity for private consultation. On one of these Sabbath evenings, we sat down together in deep cogitation on a grassy knoll overlooking the Firth and the distant shores of Fife. The scene, placid and beautiful, befitting the calm which seemed appropriate to the day of rest, assorted ill with the pressure of those personal necessities that demanded immediate and far from pleasant consideration. . . . The great question for solution was what he should do, not only for his own subsistence, but to disembarass the family, in which he acutely felicit himself to be in the light of an encumbrance. This was the critical moment that determined my brother's career. I had for some days been pondering on a scheme which might possibly help him out of his difficulties, provided he laid aside all ideas of false shame, and unhesitatingly followed my directions. The project was desperate, but nothing short of desperate measures was available. My suggestion was, that, abandoning all notions of securing employment as a clerk, teacher, or anything else, and stifling every emotion which had hitherto buoyed him up, he should, in the humblest possible style, begin the business of a bookseller. The idea of such an enterprise had passed through his own mind, but had been laid aside as wild and ridiculous, for he possessed neither stock nor capital, nor could he have recourse to any one to lend him assistance. "I have thought of all that," I said, "and will show you how the thing is to be done." I now explained that in the family household there were still a number of old books, which had been dragged about from place to place, and were next to useless. The whole, if ranged on a shelf, would occupy about twelve feet, with perhaps a foot additional by including Horace and other school-books. They were certainly not much worth, but, if offered for sale, they might, as I imagined, form the foundation on which a business could be constructed. I added that there was at the time an opening for the sale of cheap pocket Bibles, respecting which I could aid by my knowledge of the trade, and even go the length of starting him with one or two copies out of my slender savings. . . . With the few old books so collected, Robert began business in 1818, when only sixteen years of age, from which time he became self-supporting, as I had been several years earlier."

Mr. William Chambers afterwards took a shop in Leith Walk (the curious thoroughfare is described in a bit of vivid word-painting), actually commencing business with a capital of five shillings. Nothing that we know in literature is more instructive than the description of how these brothers managed to build up, step by step, from these small beginnings, one of the largest printing and publishing establishments in Scotland.

The commencement of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the first round in the ladder of success to the top of which they eventually climbed, is not without interest:—

"I have never aspired to the reputation of being the originator of low-priced serials; but only, as far as I can judge, the first to make a determined attempt to impart such a character to these productions in our own day, as might tend to instruct and elevate independently of mere passing amusement. Professionally, I considered that the attempt was a noble and fair venture—one for which I might not be disqualified by previous literary experiences, humble as these had been. The enterprise promised to be at least in concord with my feelings. Before taking any active step, I mentioned the matter to Robert. Let us, I said, endeavour to give a reputable literary character to what is at present mostly mean or trivial, and of no permanent value; but he, thinking only of the not very creditable low-priced papers then current, did not entertain a favourable opinion of my projected undertaking. With all loyalty and affection, however, he promised to give me what literary assistance was in his power, and in this I was not disappointed. Consulting no one else, and in that highly wrought state of mind which overlooks all but the probability of success, I at length, in January 1832, issued the prospectus of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*."

The first number appeared on the 4th of February, 1832, six weeks before the pompously-heralded *Penny Magazine*, which it has for many years survived.

Until the fourteenth number Robert was only a contributor to the *Journal*. Then abandoning his separate professional relations (he had by that time published his "Traditions of Edinburgh," with several other works, and had been editor of an Edinburgh newspaper), he became joint editor; and the firm of W. & R. Chambers as publishers, was started.—

"A happy difference, yet some resemblance, in character, proved of service in the literary and commercial union of Robert and myself. Mentally, each had a little of the other, but with a wide divergence in matters requisite as a whole. One could not have well done without the other. With mutual help there was mutual strength. All previous hardships and experience seemed to be but a training in strict adaptation for the course of life opened up to us in 1832. Nothing could have happened better—a circumstance which may perhaps go a little way towards inspiring hopes and consolations among those who may be destined to pass through a similar ordeal."

They had finished their hard, thorny, education. Now came their harvest. Here is a domestic scene of a happy wife and

children in the foreground, the humble heirloom that sounded sad symphonies in the old time now breathing merrier music. Mr. Robert Chambers performed airs upon his father's flute very prettily to the end of his days:—

"Looking back to 1833, memory brings up recollections of Robert living in the bosom of a young family, in a home noted for its genial hospitality, as well as for certain evening parties, in which were found the most enjoyable society and music: his wife seated at the harp or pianoforte, which he accompanied with his flute—the old flute which had long ago sounded along the Eddleston Water, and had been preserved through many vicissitudes—the entertainment being sometimes varied by the tasteful performances of worthy old George Thomson—Burns's Thomson—on the violin: my mother living with the junior members of the family in the composure and comfort which she had so meritoriously earned: and I settled in my newly-married life. Such was the position of affairs. All the surroundings agreeable."

It would be vain to enumerate the works which these indefatigable brothers have written, printed, and published; because there can scarcely be one of our readers who has not met with some of them. It might be supposed that so practical a book would not be a lively one. On the contrary, it is replete with happy characterization and anecdote. We have only room for a single specimen. A certain Tam Fleck went about to old people's houses in Peebles, reading the "Chronicles of Josephus," as the current news of the day:

"Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?" would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside. 'Bad news, bad news,' replied Tam. 'Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem—it's gaun to be a terrible business;' and then he opened his budget of intelligence, to which all paid the most reverential attention. The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews, was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week; and when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such *séances* my brother and I were delighted listeners. All honour to the memory of Tam Fleck."

Readers of "Our Mutual Friend" will be reminded of Wegg and his readings from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Did Robert Chambers happen to make Dickens acquainted with Tam Fleck?

"My reverend and facetious visitor made

some little inquiry about my own early efforts, and he laughed when I reminded him of a saying of his own about studying on a little oatmeal—for that would have applied literally to my brother and to myself. 'Ah, *labora, labora*,' he said sententiously, 'how that word expresses the character of your country!'—'Well, we do sometimes work pretty hard,' I observed; 'but for all that, we can relish a pleasantry as much as our neighbours. You must have seen that the Scotch have a considerable fund of humour.'—'Oh, by all means,' replied my visitor, 'you are an immensely funny people, but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the cork-screw!' Mutual laughter, of course."

The inflated biography of every Lord Mayor inflicted on the Judges on St. Thomas's Day never effaces the popular tradition that his lordship arrived to seek his fortune in London at a tender age, with half-a-crown in his pocket, and a meagre bundle over his shoulder. All they know is that somehow he found it. The half-crown has swelled into a plum or two, and his decent rags are transformed into dazzling robes, resplendent with mazarine blue, priceless furs, and gorgeous gold lace. They simply look on that picture and on this—the beginning and the end; yet no Lord Mayor nor other successful aspirant to the civic throne has revealed his *modus operandi*: the details of his elevation. But this book, being a practical guide to any social throne that may be aimed at, supplies such a want. Starting with double the conventional half-crown, and advancing to high civic honours (which however, he appears not to rate very highly) in his own country, Mr. Chambers has told the tale of his own and his brother's heart-rending beginnings with such concentrated clearness that here may be learnt lessons of self-denial, patience, unflagging perseverance, independence, and cheerfulness (the greatest sustainer of all), which comprise a whole education, not only for the humblest in station, but for the least intellectually gifted.

It might be thought from its pregnancy that this is a big book; but it is a little book of some 330 pages only. Practical wisdom has also prompted its price. The memoir is placed, in this respect, within the reach of those whom it is specially intended to benefit.

From The Saturday Review.  
THE ETHICS OF INFECTION.

IN the last few years a great deal has been written, and perhaps something learnt, about the nature of infection, and the means of stopping the spread of infectious disorders. No one, however, so far as we know, has at all considered the course which a man should pursue when illness breaks out in his neighbour's household. There are indeed many general rules of conduct which are for the most part carefully observed; but they have never as yet been reduced to any system. We propose, therefore, in our present remarks not so much to try to throw any further light on this question, as to gather together from our observation of what is usual a few simple rules which may serve as a kind of Institute of Infection. In the first place, then, it would be well to remember that, though there is a divine command to visit the sick, it is of course implied provided they are not infectious; for it is not to be imagined for a moment that we should be commanded to run the least risk of conveying any disorder to others, not to speak of ourselves. Moreover, while we are enjoined to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, nothing is said about visiting them in their infection. On the contrary, we are enjoined to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, which certainly may be taken to imply that we should keep entirely clear of all contagious illnesses. If, therefore, fever has bereft a wife of her husband, or a widow of her child, let no one, however near he may be to her, be so presumptuous as to think that it is his duty to go to console her. Let him write to her at as great length as he pleases, assuring her that, though from a sense of duty he cannot visit her, yet his heart is with her. At the same time it would be only common prudence to request her not to answer his note, for fear the paper might convey infection. We are not sure that prudence in such a case ought not to be carried so far as to require him to refuse to attend the funeral, for there is no saying how illnesses are spread. Perhaps it might be sufficient if it were distinctly understood that every one should assemble wearing gloves previously steeped in Condy's Fluid or sprinkled with carbolic acid, and that no greeting should pass beyond a shake of the gloved hand. In all cases we must remember that our sense of what we owe to ourselves, to our family, and to the public should far outweigh what we owe to the sufferer. It may possibly be

painful for a widow or a bereaved mother to be constantly reminded of the infectious illness from which she has so sadly suffered. At the same time we may feel satisfied in our conscience if we are promoting the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number. These precautions, and others like them, should be exercised not only by those who have never had the disorder, but quite as much by those who have already had it. Even if we have had the scarlatina, for instance, it is well to remember that perhaps one person in every hundred takes it a second time, and that even those who do not take it may convey it to others in their clothing. Perhaps the best way of completely satisfying our conscience, if we are at all foolishly troubled with the neglect of any supposed duty, is in each case to repeat constantly that the patient is or has been suffering from a highly contagious, or extremely infectious, or most insidious disorder, and that therefore unusual precautions are required. In like manner, should the young mother of a large family have her children stricken with fever, the utmost that a judicious friend of the family can possibly venture or be expected to do is to send the gardener, or one of the outdoor servants now and then to make a noise and to give trouble by ringing at the bell and leaving his mistress's kind love and inquiries. It might at first sight be thought that a neighbour who had herself nursed all her own children through the fever, and who therefore had nothing to fear, ought to offer her services, and was especially bound by the divine injunctions to visit the sick. It has however in other matters been abundantly shown that many of the precepts of the Gospel, suitable as they may have been to a far simpler form of life, cannot be literally applied to our complex society. Society brings its duties, as well as the bed of sickness, and just as it would be scarcely decent in our crowded thoroughfares to take off one's coat and give it to a man who had taken one's cloak, so it would clearly be contrary to good breeding to render ourselves and our homes an object of suspicion and alarm to our neighbours by visiting the sick.

At the same time, while we can do so little for our neighbours in their troubles, we can at all events greatly increase the sympathy felt for them by spreading exaggerated reports of the fever. The surest way of raising general interest is to begin to ask whether there has not been something wrong in the drainage which

ought to have been looked to long ago. It will be well to go on to say that it is reported that the eldest boy can scarcely live through the night, while the baby is beginning to show the rash. Should the mother leave the sick-room to seek a breath of fresh air, and be met in the road by a neighbour, the latter will of course hastily cross over to the other side, and in a loud voice express her regret that her duty to her own family requires her to keep so far apart, considering in how severe a form the fever has appeared. If she is assured that the disorder is running its course very mildly, she will, while expressing her delight, not fail at the same time to observe that in these mild cases the after consequences are always the most severe. Such remarks as these are really most kind, as they effectually prevent that elation of spirits which is commonly to be noticed in a mother who is nursing three or four children at the same time. While there should be the utmost carefulness in shunning not only those who nurse the invalids, but also every member of the family, even if they have had the fever before and carefully keep away from the sick-room, there is not the slightest need to be on one's guard against the doctor. It is not to be supposed for a moment that it could ever have been intended that doctors should be deprived of all the pleasures of society, and it is reasonable to suppose that by a special dispensation they do not carry infection with them. No lady therefore need scruple for a moment to invite to a dinner-party all the physicians of the Fever Hospital, provided only that she carefully exclude any of her friends who may in the last month or two have had a case of fever in their family. She must not be foolish enough to think that, after all the anxieties they have gone through, a little pleasant change might be beneficial for them. She will of course write to tell them how much pleasure it would have given her if she could have seen them at her table, but that she feels sure that, under the circumstances, they will not attribute her apparent want of hospitality to any lack of friendliness. Important as these rules are for every one, still more important are they for a parent. He should consider that the obligation of preserving his own children is far above all other obligations. Unmarried people, of course, may be bound to visit the sick, provided that they are careful not at the same time to visit the sound. Unmarried people may at once try to comfort widows and orphans, even before the

whitewashers have come in, and before Condry has done all that Condry can do. But parents, and especially mothers, should remember that there can be no moral duty so strong but that it may be with a safe conscience neglected, provided its fulfilment involves their children in the slightest risk of the remotest danger. Let them remember that selfishness for their children's sake is after all a sort of virtue. Some captious people may possibly object that children who see their parents selfish for their sakes may possibly grow up themselves selfish. But surely a parent can guard against this by general exhortations on the duties we owe to our fellow-creatures, and by taking advantage of every such event as the illness of the Prince of Wales to inculcate the general obligation we are under of feeling for the sick.

It may be the case that a parent is so fortunate as to have his child fall ill of a fever at school. If so, he will not, we trust, neglect to profit by all the advantages which are afforded him. He will at once write to the head-master, and, while acknowledging that of course illnesses are not under our control, but are under the dispensation of a far higher power, he will add that it is really most vexatious that his son should have fallen ill, and that he cannot in the least account for it. He will not fail to add that, as the child has fallen ill at school, he must decline to bear any responsibility in the matter, nor can he, out of consideration to his other children, if he has any, or to himself, if he has none, for a moment think of visiting him. Still, to show that he is not indifferent to his child's sufferings, he will request that those who are nursing him will find time to send him at least two letters a day, giving him the fullest particulars of his health. There may be some parents who carry their love for their children to such a point of rashness as to venture to offer, if it can be in any way arranged, to look in through the window at their darling son when on his sick-bed. With a view to such displays of parental love, it would be well if all school infirmaries were built on the ground-floor. A parent who thus ventures will no doubt make a point of seeing the nurse, and will promise her half-a-crown if she will look after his son more carefully than after his companions. When the boy is safely through, he will probably remember that after all it is not to human aid that our thanks are due, and will be content with offering her two shillings. Of course he will at the same time remove his son from the school, to

mark his sense of the great impropriety of the occurrence of such an illness. However mild may be the nature of the fever that breaks out in a school, no judicious parent will for a moment hesitate at once to remove his son, at least for a time, provided he has not taken it already. He will not be moved by any such idle considerations as that "the child is father to the man," and that a boy who is taught to flee from the most moderate risks will never grow up into a courageous man. He will not allow any considerations of studies interrupted to have the least weight with him, nor will he for a moment deign to reflect whether it might not be better for his son to incur some slight danger rather than have his habits of industry broken in upon, and his stock of knowledge lessened instead of increased. There will no doubt be some heartless or foolhardy parents who will say that their son must take his chance, and that it is idle to hope that he can always escape risk of infection. The true parent, however, as we have said, will at once remove his son, and will decline to pay the school bill. He will in that case see the youth grow up worthy of him, with the same prudent regard for that chief blessing, health; which, while it will throughout life allow him to feel for the sick, will nevertheless lead him to feel for them most conveniently when they are at a safe distance.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE WARM LAKE OF NEW ZEALAND.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

November 4, 1871.

I HAVE just returned from a visit to Rotomahana, the Warm Lake of New Zealand. I fear I cannot so describe it as to give any adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, but I may succeed in attracting a few travellers, who will feel as I do, that recollections which are never likely to fade are cheaply purchased by a visit to the antipodes.

From Tauranga, on the east coast of the Northern Island, a good bridle road of from fifty to sixty miles takes the traveller to Ohinemutu, on the banks of Lake Rotorua. He is here in the midst of geysers. Hot springs bubble out in every direction, and hot streams run into the lake. There is some little danger in living at Ohinemutu. From time to time some one who imprudently goes out at night wanders out of the small safe track, and sinks



through a thin crust of earth into an abyss of boiling water or scalding mud. The soil is being gradually undermined. Middle-aged men remember when what is now many feet out into the lake was firm land; and a "pa" was swallowed some years ago, with all its inhabitants, by a sudden landslip. The Maoris, however, are still numerous in Ohinemutu, and use the hot springs for baths and cooking. An English speculator is about to build a hotel. It will be a capital starting-point to the greater marvels beyond.

From Ohinemutu to Lake Tarawera the road passes through a volcanic district. At one point the track lies between two pools, one a petrifying alum spring, the other a boiling and sulphurous geyser. Turn a few yards off the path, and you come upon an open crater from which steam is always issuing, and which has a miniature eruption every six months. The hill-side round is covered with deep layers of silica that has been poured out molten. As these thicken the crater is likely, I believe, to close up, and the whole region will then be exposed to violent earthquakes. At present the shocks are insignificant. A few miles further we come to Terme, the head of Lake Tarawera. It was once a missionary station, and a church and an excellent mission-house are still standing. But the church is closed, the mission-house deserted, and its beautiful garden left to ruin. The Maoris who used to worship have abandoned their Christianity and quitted the settlement. Three miles further we come to Kariki, where the Maoris have put up an accommodation-house for tourists. It was first raised in honour of Prince Alfred. From this point the road to Rotomahana is by water, across the splendid sheet of Lake Tarawera, till we come to the stream Kaiwaka.

Here fairy-land begins. I dip my hands into the water, and find it at a temperature of from 70° to 80°. For a distance of more than two miles this heat scarcely seems to vary, though here and there we pass by a boiling spring, which a bather would do well to avoid. In one part there are rapids, over which it is difficult to force the canoe. The vegetation of the banks is luxuriant, but sombre. Gradually we work up to Rotomahana. It is very like a Highland tarn bosomed amid grey hills, and is of no great size, about a mile long and half a mile broad. Here and there are broad rushes, in which myriads of water-fowl are breeding, protected by Maori law. They know their safety, and scarcely stir at our approach.

But our concern is not with the lake, but with the geysers and marble benches on its banks. The first we land at is known as Te Tarota. Imagine a succession of white marble terraces, fringed with stalactites at the sides, holding here and there basins of indescribably blue water, now two feet, now eight feet deep, and ascending gradually to a fathomless semi-circular crater, above which a cloud of steam broods, and from which a fountain of hot water is constantly welling forth. I should guess the height at which the fountain flows to be some sixty feet above the lake, but this is simple conjecture. What I know is that the whole is on so large a scale as to astonish by its magnificence, and to put human emulation out of the question. As well reproduce Niagara in an English park as the terraces of Rotomahana at Aranjuez or Versailles. Tarota, however, is not the great wonder of the lake. On the opposite side is another similar formation, Hokoteratera, which rises higher, with more regular terraces, with pink instead of white marble, and, if possible, with bluer water in its cavities. The steps are as easily climbed as a palace staircase, let us say as the Giant's Staircase at Venice; and even close to the summit the water is not too hot to admit of bathing. Our party all plunged into the pools, but picturesque as the brown Maoris looked, one had a feeling that Haroun Alraschid's ladies were the proper tenants of the spot.

There are of course a host of minor marvels, such as a large mud-geyser, on the banks of Rotomahana. But it is difficult to find eyes for what is merely curious and may be seen elsewhere. I was not specially fortunate in the day of my visit. The sky was clouded over, and the weather was so evidently breaking up that I was unable to linger as I could have wished. To see the terraces or to shoot the rapids by moonlight are experiences which I can well believe add a charm even to the glories of Rotomahana. Travellers in coming years are likely to be spared much of the discomfort which at present attends travelling in the New Zealand bush and sleeping in Maori inns. But under all disadvantages, I saw with an unabated sense of delight what I think I shall never forget, never cease to look back upon as perhaps the greatest natural wonder I have known. The Warm Lake lies in the midst of romantic scenery. Some day, when Australasia is fully peopled, this district will be the Switzerland of the Southern Hemisphere.